McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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CHAMPS WIN ONE AND LOSE ONE.

Defeated by Derrick City Saturday Won from Mt. Jewett Tuesday

BOTH GAMES CLOSELY CONTESTED

The Work of Denning and Trace a Feature of Saturday's Game—McCabe is Hitting Hard and Often.

The Champions won a hard fought battle for league honors from the Mountaineers on the diamond at Mt. Jewett Tuesday afternoon, thereby placing Smethport's pennant stock at par and if successful in trimming Eldred this afternoon the locals will be even with them for second places. The score Tuesday was 6 to 5 in favor of Smethport.

The game was called with Smethport at bat. Lantz, the new southpaw, presided at the rubber for the Mountaineers and McCabe introduced himself with a clean single. Tull took a pass for his, but the next three retired in order. Denning occupied the rubber for the Champions and was not in his usual good form. Davis walked, but the next three retired.

The visitors went out one, two, three in the second and the compliment was returned, Lantz being caught on a double play in deep right.

McClure opened the third with a hit, but the three following went out on flies. An error and a pass gave two of the home boys life but the side was retired without scoring.

After Kopp was retired in the fourth, three clean hits by Croissant, Denning and Young earned two runs before the sides changed. For Mt. Jewett Gardner opened with a single but was caught while trying to make third on Lantz's single to left field and two caught flies spoiled their chance of scoring.

Zeke started off the fifth with a single. Tull fouled out, Keefer sacrificed and Kopp fanned. A. Cleveland rapped out a single and was caught at third while attempting two bases on Magee's single to left field, Magee advancing to second on the throw, and scoring on Davis' hit. Rook and H. Cleveland followed with one-baggers netting Mt. Jewett three earned runs, after which Gardner and Lantz fanned. Mt. Jewett 3; Smethport 2.

In the sixth Croissant started things going with a pretty single, stole second and scored on Gardner's miss of Denning's grounder, Denning reaching third on the attempt to throw Croissant out at the plate. Young fanned and Bell sacrificed, scoring Denning. McClure retired the side via the air line. After two were out A. Cleveland got a life on Tull's error and Magee waited for four bad ones. Davis banged out a single but McClure caught Cleveland at the plate by a pretty throw.

McCabe got a life on his fly being dropped in left field, advancing a notch on Tull's short single and both moved up on a passed ball. Here "Big Mike" drove a high one into right field, which after a sensational run little Workheiser nabbed just across the foul line and rolled into the tall daisies. Zeke and Hulda were on their toes for runs and assisted by bad fielding both scored. Kopp singled, stole second and Croissant was out on a fly to center, Denning singled to center field and by a pretty throw Kopp was caught at the plate. Rook went out to Keefer and H. Cleveland touched it up for two bags and scored on Gardner's single, Lantz and McCarty going out which retired the side.

In the eighth the Champs failed to score although an error and McCabe's single placed a man on second and third. Workheiser opened Mt. Jewett's half by driving a single beyond third which was lost in the tall grass thereby stretching it into a home run. Magee got a life on McClure's fumble, Davis flyed out to Young and Rook fanned. Here ended the run getting with the score 5 to 6 in favor of the Champions.

In the ninth Keefer opened with a single and stole second but the next three were retired, and Mt. Jewett was retired in order with the exception of Lantz who walked.

Following is the summary:

Mt. Jewett	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Davis, cf	4	1	2	2	1	0
Rook, ss	4	1	1	0	2	0
H. Cleveland, c	5	1	2	9	0	0
Gardner, 2nd	5	0	2	0	2	1
Lantz, p	3	0	1	0	1	1
McCarty, 3d	5	0	0	4	2	1
Workheiser, rf	4	1	1	5	0	0
A. Cleveland, 1st	4	0	1	7	0	0
Cook, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Magee, rf	4	1	1	0	0	1
Totals	37	5	11	27	7	4

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, 3b	5	1	3	3	0	0
Tull, ss	4	1	1	3	3	1
Keefer, 1st	4	0	1	7	0	0
Kopp, 2d	5	0	1	0	1	1
Croissant, c	5	2	3	12	0	0
Denning, p	5	1	2	1	3	0
Young, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Bell, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
McClure, cf	4	0	1	0	3	1
Totals	39	6	12	27	10	3

Smethport	0	0	0	2	0	2	2	0	0	—6
Mt. Jewett	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	1	0	—5

Earned runs—Smethport 2; Mt. Jewett 5.
Home run—Workheiser.
Two base hit—H. Cleveland.
Bases on balls—off Denning 3; off Lantz 1.
Struck out—by Denning 10; by Lantz 7.
Left on bases—Smethport 8; Mt. Jewett 10
Double play—Tull to Keefer.
Passed balls—Croissant 1; Cleveland 2.
Umpire—Dan McCarty.
Time of game—1:35.

DERRICK CITY 3; SMETHPORT 2.

The Champions were defeated Saturday by Derrick City and it rained the same day—all through the nine innings fell gentle rain drops, like sympathetic tears. But the water did not dampen the enthusiasm of the faithful fans and the devotees of the spit ball were enabled to save their spit for dusty occasions. It was a thrilling, but nevertheless, heart-breaking game, as far as Smethport was concerned and the cause of omission as well as commission wrung vociferous groans from rooter and player alike.

Denning was on the rubber for Smethport and under ordinary circumstances would have won his game with a mile to spare. Only three hits were made off his delivery and one of them was of the scratch order. He allowed only one man to walk, fielded his position perfectly, besides making a timely single and a sacrifice. Trace, the Derrick City twirler, also pitched a good game and kept Smethport's five hits well scattered. All in all it was an interesting exhibition with the luck with Derrick City.

Derrick City made a run in the first inning. After Naber went out Kopp to Keefer, Hyde was hit by a pitched ball and took first. McKay was retired, McCabe to Keefer, and Hyde took second on the play. Byers hit to right field, the ball getting away from McClure, and Hyde scored. Walker struck out.

In the fourth McKay drew a base on balls. He was sacrificed to second by Byers. Walker flew out to Estry and Watson hit one into right field, McKay scored, and McClure threw to catch Watson at third, but Zeke missed it and the third and last of Derrick City's runs was scored. Abrams the next man up striking out. It was a deplorable moment for Smethport spectators and players and great gobs of gloom hung about the vicinity of Kane Field.

Smethport earned a run in the fourth inning on Kopp's double and Croissant's single. Denning sacrificed, but Charley was left on third, as Estry was retired.

A golden opportunity to score was lost by Smethport in the fifth. Bell took first on balls. McClure went out on a foul fly. With McCabe at the bat Bell started to steal second but changed his mind. Unfortunately this change occurred about midway between the bases, with the result that the runner was an easy out. A minute later McCabe tore off a two-bagger. Tull drew a base on balls and Keefer flew out to McKay.

Smethport scored its second and last run in the sixth. Kopp was given a life on Abrams' error. He was sacrificed along by Croissant and came home on Denning's single.

In the ninth with one out Estry pasted one to deep left which Hyde muffed after a long run. He was on third when McClure sent out a grounder that looked pretty good for a minute, but was retired at first and the game was over.

Mr. Daniels did not grace the territory adjacent to second base for Smethport, but occupied a prominent position in the grandstand and derisively laughed at the discomfiture of his former team mates. Mr. Daniels, it is said, has a grievance, but just what it is all about seems difficult to discover. It is evident however, that he is real vexed about something.

In fact it is evident that there are petty jealousies and private grouches among some of the members of the team and they occasionally crop out to the detriment of team work. Such actions are childish and should be "cut out" for the betterment of the sport. Of course the players are not under salary this season, but the patrons of the game pay their money to see the best work done by the best team obtainable and care nothing for the private bickerings of the players. Furthermore Smethport base ball enthusiasts as a body have no use for so-called "dirty" ball playing.

Daniel's absence was not keenly felt Saturday as Kopp's work at second base was worthy of old Maj. Leaguer. He also made a two-base hit and secured both of Smethport's runs. With Kopp on second and Keefer on first there is no question but that the infield is strengthened.

The score of Saturday's game follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, 3d	4	0	2	1	2	1
Tull, ss	3	0	0	2	2	0
Keefer, 1b	4	0	0	10	0	0
Kopp, 2b	4	2	1	1	3	0
Croissant, c	3	0	1	9	0	1
Denning, p	3	0	1	0	2	0
Estry, lf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Bell, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0
McClure, cf	4	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	31	2	5	27	9	4

Derrick City	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Naber, ss	4	0	0	0	0	0
Hyde, lf	3	1	0	0	0	1
McKay, rf	3	1	0	1	0	0
Byers, 2b	4	0	2	2	4	0
Walker, c	4	0	1	7	3	0
Watson, cf	4	1	0	2	0	0
Abrams, 3b	4	0	0	1	2	1
Page, 1b	3	0	0	13	1	0
Trace, p	3	0	0	1	5	0
Totals	32	3	3	27	15	2

By innings:

Smethport	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	—2
Derrick City	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Earned run—Smethport.
Stolen base—Keefer, Denning.
Sacrifice hits—Croissant, Denning; Byers.
Two base hits—McCabe, Kopp.
Bases on balls—off Denning 1; Trace 3.
Struck out—by Denning 8; Trace 7.
Hit by pitcher—Hyde.
Time of game—1:30.
Umpire—Campbell.

Death of George A. Backus.

Yesterday afternoon, June 14, 1905, at 1 o'clock George A. Backus passed away after a long illness, his death being the result of stomach and lung trouble. Although failing in health for the past year Mr. Backus was confined to his bed but a few weeks.

George A. Backus was born in Smethport, June 12, 1868, and was therefore 37 years old last Monday. He has always called Smethport his home, although he has been employed in nearby cities and towns at various periods. George was jovial and generous from boyhood and could count every man, woman and child in the community among his friends. He was the third son in a large family of children, well known throughout the county. His father, the late Hon. John C. Backus, being one of the prominent men of his time in this part of the State. George was blessed with keen intelligence, an appreciation of the bright side of life and a philanthropical temperament. His wit and constant good nature made him a pleasant companion and many of his quaint sayings will linger long in the memory of friends who are left behind.

His mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus of Smethport; five brothers, Frank S., J. Clayton and Harold of Smethport; Fred W. of Olean; Maud E. of Oneonta, N. Y.; two sisters, Mrs. W. T. Segar of New York City and Mrs. Arthur Cutler of Oneonta, N. Y., survive to mourn the loss of a loving son and loyal brother.

The Houseboat "Tourist."

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce will pass their summer vacation on board the houseboat, "Tourist," in which they will cruise down the Allegheny river. The "Tourist" was built at Holmes & Gilfillan's establishment on Mechanic street and is a model of convenience. It is 30 feet long by nine feet wide and contains a cabin, stateroom and kitchen. It is equipped with closets and lockers for the storing of clothing and provisions, and the various apartments are as cosily furnished as a small cottage. The kitchen contains a serviceable gasoline stove and water is piped to the sink from a tank overhead. Sleeping accommodations can be provided for six persons by means of folding wire beds and cots. The roof of the house forms a spacious deck and will be equipped with a movable awning cover.

It is the intention of the owners to place the boat in the water at Olean this week and proceed down the river by easy stages to Pittsburg. The trip may be extended along the Ohio river.

A complete camping outfit and a steel skiff are parts of the equipment so that the journey can be varied by occasional sojourns on land. It is an enjoyable method of spending the summer and Mr. and Mrs. Pierce will undoubtedly have a pleasant voyage.

Masonic Visitors.

The regular meeting of McKean Lodge, No. 368, F. & A. M., held last evening was attended by a number of out-of-town members of the Masonic fraternity and in consequence a spread was given after the regular meeting. The second and third degrees were exemplified at the lodge room in the presence of a large number of members. At the conclusion of the meeting about 35 Masons adjourned to the hose house where a most delicious impromptu repast was served. The spread consisted of soft shell crabs, sandwiches, potato chips, olives, pickles and coffee and to say that it was hugely relished is putting it mild. When cigars were passed Worshipful Master Guy B. Mayo called upon the visiting members and some of the local Masons for speeches. All calls were responded to in brief talks which were heartily applauded. At midnight all departed for their homes well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Arrested for Horse Stealing.

John Walters of Norwich was arrested Monday by Constable E. W. Jones on a warrant charging him with stealing a horse from Norman Terwilliger, who lives on a farm near Crosby.

At the hearing before Justice B. L. Knapp it was testified that several months ago Mr. Terwilliger purchased a horse, buggy, harness, etc., from Mr. Walters on credit. He says he has offered to pay for the property on several occasions, but Walters would say that he was in no hurry for the money and the result was that he had not paid for it.

A few days ago Walters, in company with some other men, came to the barn on the farm where Terwilliger resides and took horse, buggy and all, although forbidden to do so. Hence the arrest.

Walters claims that he thought he was acting within his rights when he took the rig. He was placed under $200 bail, which was furnished.

Estray Notice.

Came to premises of A. J. Axburgh, Clermont, Pa., on the 18th day of May two spotted steers and one white heifer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges; otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

A. J. AXBURGH.

For lawn swings and hammocks go to Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Criminal Court Proceedings.

The jury in Robert St. Helen's case returned a verdict of not guilty last Thursday afternoon. The defendant was discharged and obtained employment in town as a painter Friday morning.

M. W. Heinlein was tried Friday on the charge of selling liquor to minors. A number of young men testified to buying drinks at this hotel before they were 21 years old and the proprietor showed a register, which some of them had signed, saying they were of age. The jury disagreed on this case after being out upon 20 hours. A new trial will probably be held next term.

William Stanfield came up before the court and pleaded guilty to the charge of assault and battery. The prosecutrix in the case was Addie Vaughn. It is alleged that Stanfield committed an assault on a young woman in Bradford, who afterwards followed him to Smethport, where he was employed. At that place the Vaughn woman one day called him a wife beater, having learned of his assault on the other young woman. Stanfield became enraged and struck her in the breast, seriously injuring her. Judge Bouton sentenced him to pay a fine of $25 and all costs of prosecution, and to be confined in the county jail for 20 days.

In the case of James Jones, charged with assault [illegible] battery, the jury returned a verdict [illegible] guilty and the costs to be divided [illegible] between the defendant and the plaintiff. Both [illegible] are in the county jail to await the money.

Judge Bouton sentenced prisoners Friday afternoon as follows:

George Kellogg, assault and battery, $50 and costs and two months in jail.

George Golden, burglary, $100 and costs and two years in the Western penitentiary.

Caeser Vittorio, assault and battery, $25 and costs and 30 days in jail.

Emil Nelson, larceny, $100 and costs, one year in the penitentiary.

Charles Smith, assault and battery, $100 and costs and one year in the penitentiary.

Claude Sanburn, two charges of statutory burglary, $100 and costs and two years on each charge. Both sentences to date from Friday.

Stein Hook of Mt. Jewett was brought up on a charge of larceny. The prisoner is 14 years of age, and was arrested on a charge of stealing a pair of bicycle wheels from Prof. Burdette Boyle. Stein is said to be addicted to the habit of stealing, and to be a bad boy in general. He had been arrested on a number of charges, among them being breaking into stores, and in every previous case was let off with a reprimand, on the promise of good behavior. He was constantly growing worse, and it was thought necessary to send him to a school of correction. He confessed to the charge and was sentenced to the Morganza reform school for an indefinite period.

Fatal Accident at Kushequa.

One of the saddest and most heart-rending accidents occurred at Kushequa last Friday evening that has been our province to record for a long time. The accident is rendered doubly sad because of the blotting out of the life of a young woman of that town, and one who was a loving wife, a kind mother, and of one who was industrious in Sunday school and other religious work, and one who was loved and respected by all with whom she came in contact. A deep gloom was cast over the entire community by the sad occurrence.

Mrs. Josephine Swan returned to her home last Friday evening about five o'clock from a meeting of the W. C. T. U. and placed a number of small pieces of wood in the kitchen stove, and believing there was no fire there, she poured a small quantity of wood alcohol over the wood, intending to light it with a match. A smouldering coal caused the fluid to ignite and an explosion followed, the flames catching her clothing. She at once ran to the yard and rolled on the grass but the flames were so fierce about her that the grass was burned from the ground. Her clothing was burned from her body and the flesh was literally roasted. She was at once taken to the Kane hospital where all possible was done to alleviate her sufferings, but her death occurred on Sunday morning. She was aged 25 years. The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at her former home—Mt. Jewett News.

Baptist Church Notes.

Morning worship at 10:45, subject of sermon, "The Gospel of the Second Mile;" Sunday school at 12 o'clock; Junior C. E. at 4 p. m. and Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.; evening worship at 7:30; mid-week prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30, subject for consideration is, "Unity"—John 17. We invite all who are not regular attendants elsewhere. Rev. W. A. Day of Delevan delivers the addresses.

For Sale.

Surrey in good condition; also light delivery wagon. E. W. Workley, Pennsylvania R. R. station, East Smethport.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

(Continued from last week)

Dr. Freeman testified: I am a practicing physician. I reside in the borough. I was in this room until called out on the evening of Sept. 18th last. I went to John Mullin's and there I found Miss Mary Reilly lying on the walk with a wound in the left side of her head. There were a number of persons there when I got there. I examined the wound. I found a gunshot wound in the left temple between the eye and the ear. I directed some who were present to assist me in carrying her into Mullin's house. She was breathing heavily. She ceased to breathe within a few minutes. I introduced a probe into the wound some four inches. The ball had passed diagonally across and a little up. She died while I was there. She lived from 20 to 30 minutes after I got there. I made a subsequent examination of the body. I made another examination some two or three weeks afterward in the cemetery adjoining town. Dr. H. L. McCoy assisted me. Mr. Sprague and Sheriff King were with us. When the coffin was opened we removed the scalp and the top of the skull and removed the ball from the skull. I know the body on which I made the second examination was the body of Mary Reilly by the wound and otherwise. I am sufficient[ly] acquainted with your hand[writing] to [illegible] I will [illegible] "Well, I'm mighty [illegible] Miss Collard, [illegible] the powder being [illegible] about a pain was sufficient to [illegible] don't [illegible] caused death. I say that Mary Reilly died by reason of a gunshot wound; I have known the defendant a great many years. I had a talk with Tracy about gunshot wounds. He asked me one day last summer where upon the head a gunshot wound would be most fatal. This was probably two months before the 18th of September last. I explained it to him and gave him a plate in some surgical work to examine and a book on the subject to read. I told him that the base or back part of the brain was most fatal. I left him examining my book on gunshot wounds in my office.

Cross-examined:

The powder was dissolving and oozing from the wound all night. The bullet was badly flattened. I told Andrew Tracy that the base and back part of the brain were the most deadly spots.

Dr. McCoy, sworn, says: I am a practicing physician; I was in town the latter part of the evening of the 18th of September; I was called upon to assist in the post-mortem examination of the body of Mary Reilly; I went with Dr. Freeman to the cemetery to examine the body; [The doctor here detailed substantially the same facts as elicited by Doctor Freeman] we found the ball in the hemisphere of the brain; the injury was caused by a gunshot wound and was sufficient to produce death; such a wound as that would inevitably produce death; the ball was somewhat flattened.

No cross examination.

Andrew Reilly, sworn, says: I reside three miles from Smethport; I was here on the 18th of September last; Mary Reilly was my daughter; I last saw her alive about seven o'clock; I left her at Miss Tracy's store; I think she, with Belle Mullin, Andy Tracy and James Horrigan, were present; I gave Andy Tracy some money at the time; I couldn't say whether Andy observed me handing Mary the letter; he was close to me; he was where he could see, I think; I went home that night; I met him in company with my daughter and forbade him paying his addresses to Mary; this occurred on my farm, that I forbade him; I told him it was not proper, as they were cousins; I told him I would prevent it with my life if necessary; he tore open his vest; laid his hand on his heart and said: "My life is nothing to me; you shoot me if you wish;" I told him it was unchristian and against the rules of our church; he said his intentions were honorable towards my daughter; I said it was contrary to the rules of our church and must not be; my daughter was present at the time.

No cross-examination.

At 4 p. m. a plea of guilty of murder was entered by the counsel for the defendant.

The defendant was then again arraigned by District Attorney Smith, when asked what he had to say he replied—"Guilty of the killing," and refused to change his plea, although his counsel claimed to wish a plea of "murder as charged." There was a long quarrel over this and the defendant finally in answer to the questions of the Court said that it was his intention to show that "on the application of the defendant in open court he was permitted to withdraw his plea of not guilty of the murder charged."

(To be continued.)

If you want cool kitchens and small gas bills get one of our gas ranges.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Home grown tomato plants for sale by F. C. Lyman, Smethport, Pa.

Beer Social at Lewis Run.

Two Italians are in the lockup and a third person of the same nationality is in the hospital, as a result of a beer social, which was held at Lewis Run Sunday evening.

The prisoners are designated in the warrant as Mike Guy and Antonio Coots, and the wounded man as Batella. But their real names—the ones they brought with them from the land of glorious sunsets, are different in some details.

Mike Guy is a small, young man, who speaks English with difficulty, owing to the meagerness of his vocabulary. A reporter asked him about the row.

"Somebody sell-a de beer on de Sun'. Plenty fellers drink-a beer and a get crize in de head. Vone fellow he trow de bride. Me leg he sore, take a hal, you ber. Vone man say he cut out me face. He have-a de knife. Me shoot. Somebody shoots too, plenty time. Dessa man he got shot all right. Das what me know."

Constable Spreter and Officer Blake, who had been called to Lewis Run to make the arrests, said that a general row had taken place in which several shots had been fired. Bricks had been thrown and there had been a lively encounter.

Batella, who was shot, was not very seriously injured. The bullet entered his right leg above the knee. Dr. Robinson has charge of the case. The prisoners are being held pending developments.—Bradford Era.

Held Up and Robbed.

Moses Nusbaum, a peddler, complained to the police Monday that he had been held up and robbed on the road between West Line and Kushequa, says the Bradford Era. According to his statement two men accosted him on the roadway and after giving him a beating they tied him to a tree and relieved him of his possessions, consisting of $15 and two satchels containing his wares for sale. The robbery took place at a lonely spot on the road and it was with great difficulty he managed to free himself from the tree. The alleged assailants are described as being large men, whose attire would indicate that they are tramps.

Yankee Gunners Shoot

All records for shooting with five-inch guns were broken by four gunners of the first-class battleship Kentucky on the northern drilling grounds, 20 miles outside Sandy Hook last Thursday.

One gunner with 14 shots a minute hit the target 13 times. The second gunner fired 13 times a minute and hit the target each time. The other men had each 12 hits out of 12 shots a minute.

The range was 1,600 yards and the target was 21 feet by 17 feet, consisting of a painted muslin screen and floated on a raft.

Young Girl Missing.

Bessie Lewis, aged 15, has been missing from her home in Kane since May 17th. Her parents are in modest circumstances and unable to expend a large sum seeking her, but will be only too glad to learn of her whereabouts and to have her return home. Should any harm have come to her to make identification necessary, it may be added that the thumb nails of both hands were naturally large, making the thumb stubby and flat.

Communications may be had with J. G. Lewis, or with the Leader, Kane.

Children's Day at Methodist Church.

Next Sunday the Children's Day Anniversary will be held at the M. E. church. Dr. Willey will preach a sermon appropriate to the season and baptize infants at the morning service which begins at 10:30 o'clock. The adult choir will share the musical program with the juvenile choirs. In the evening the Sabbath School will conduct the Children's Day program. Everybody will be welcome. Parents please notify pastor if they desire their little ones to be baptized at the morning service.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 10, 1905:

Samuel Cassell, Alfred Norburg, E. C. Norte, Rev. L. J. C. Reynolds, Rev. D. C. Richard, Rev. I. P. Sopping, C. M. Williams, John Williams.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Homeseekers' Excursion

via the Missouri Pacific Ry. to points in Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Old and New Mexico, Arizona, Kansas, Colorado and Utah, at very low rates. Tickets sold on first and third Tuesdays of each month. For information address Jno. R. Jaines, Central Passenger Agent, 310 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The LUCKY STONE

By HOWARD FIELDING

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MISS ANNIE JOHNSON, whose station in life was in front of a washtub, had been "out post" all day. She had deserted the tub and had gone out to get some money. Annie had wasted eight hours and had raised 60 cents.

It was an afternoon at the end of summer. The city had been left in the oven a little too long that year; it was overdone; it had begun to smell burned. The coolest looking place that Annie had seen during the day was a high stoop house on the shady side of the street. She herself was upon the sunny side because she had been too much occupied with pecuniary problems to consider the advisability of crossing. She stared at the high stoop house, and she said, "I wonder could Miss Colbert be back from the country yet?" speaking aloud, for she had reached that degree of nervous tension where the safety valve of unintended utterance gives its warning of danger.

Miss Colbert was an actress who had played in the city nearly all of the previous winter, and Annie had been her laundress.

"She would give me a little somethin' in advance," said Annie, "but of course she isn't here."

However, being at her wits' end for a very small sum of money, Annie crossed the street and rang the bell at the basement door of the high stoop house. Nobody answered, and as the door was ajar, Annie entered the lower hall. Failing to find a servant, she ascended the stairs to the first floor, and as she thus came directly at the door of the large room at the rear of the house, Miss Colbert's room, it seemed simplest to knock.

It was always hard to hear a knock or a call to "come in" at this door, for it opened from a small vestibule and there was a portière at the other end of it. Upon this occasion it is probable that Annie experienced a genuine hallucination. She was so anxious to hear Miss Colbert's voice that she heard it, though the actress was not there, and Annie entered an empty room.

Upon a table standing near the window there was a glass plate, and it was heaped high with jewels. The light of the fervid day surged in and beat upon them, and they flashed it back in a thousand sparkling sprays.

"Gee!" said Annie softly. "Wouldn't that jar you?"

She glanced fearfully toward the window.

"It's a wonder she wouldn't set 'em out in the back yard!" she continued. "I never saw the like of her. Anybody could climb in here."

On the edge of the plate there was a loose stone about the size of an average pea. In comparison with the others it looked very small, and Annie was of the opinion that it could be removed without Miss Colbert's missing it. This, then, represented the extreme of prudence and forbearance. Annie rolled the stone around in the palm of her hand. It may have been perspiration which dulled the glitter of the stone or the phenomenon may have had an explanation within the domain of morals, but the simple fact is that the gem's light failed and its attraction died. Annie laid it back upon the plate at last, with a faint sensation of nausea. The touchstone had revealed her weakness; she lacked the power to steal.

There was a noise under the window, and Annie looked out upon the top of a man's head and upon a long

SHE GLANCED FEARFULLY TOWARD THE WINDOW.

stepladder which he was bringing out of the basement into the yard. He glanced upward, and then his mouth and Annie's opened simultaneously, and their eyes became round.

"Tom Wilson," said Annie, "where'd you come from?"

"I'm workin' for Mrs. Booth," said he.

"You wasn't the last time I heard of you," said she, with a woman's cruelty toward the man she favors.

"That's right," said Tom in a cautious tone. "I was in the Tombs. That's where I was, an' I never done it. They got the wrong man when they got me. An' they took a drop to themselves after awhile, an' let me go. I wasn't tried; indictment dismissed. You know what that means."

"It means that they couldn't prove it," replied Annie. "No, Tom; that ain't fair. I won't say it. You wasn't guilty—that's the truth—an' I've always believed it."

"Where's Mrs. Booth now?" said Annie, to change a painful subject.

"She's gone out," he replied, "an' the girls are upstairs. I've been cleanin' up the yard."

A sudden resolution seemed to seize upon him. He turned the ladder about and mounted to the top of it, coming almost to a level with Annie at the window.

"I told Mrs. Booth that I'd been down to Mexico," he said hurriedly, almost in a whisper, "an' now I'm goin' for fair, an' you're goin' with me."

"What d'you mean?" demanded Annie, frightened by his manner.

"What do we want to be so poor for?" said he, white with excitement. "Look at them diamonds! I saw 'em from across the yard. I saw her tryin' some of 'em in her hair an' lookin' at 'em in the sun. What d'you think that stuff's worth? Well, well, I guess we wouldn't do a thing with that money down in Mexico."

"You're dreamin'," retorted Annie. "Who told you I'd go with you even if the money was yours?"

"You as good as told me that once," said he, with fierce intensity, and the next instant, exercising an agility of which he would have been incapable in a calmer moment, he transferred himself from the ladder to the window, where he perched with his feet hanging out.

"If I ever told you that," said Annie, "it was when I took you for an honest man."

"I'm that today," he replied. "I never stole nothin'. I'll swear to that. But I've been behind the bars for three months. I've had my medicine, an' now"—

He choked with a dry throat, and, being unable to proceed, he made his meaning clear by extending a hand toward the plate. Annie caught him by the wrist.

"Don't do that, Tom!" she cried. "You can't get nothin' that way in this world—nothin' that's worth havin'. It ain't the way to get me—that's certain. I wouldn't go with you if you had as many o' 'em as would fill a keg o' beer unless they was yours."

"How long would it take you an' me to earn enough money to buy one o' them stones?" he asked angrily. "An' how much work has she ever done to get 'em all? Men give 'em to her. Dukes send 'em 'round to the stage door with hush notes. I know all about it."

"She's a good girl," said Annie, with at least as much vigor as she would have resented an attack upon her own reputation. "She works hard. I've seen her in the dead o' winter, with both these windows open, walkin' up an' down this room with the sweat runnin' off of her face. I've seen her sit down on the floor an' sob till I near shook her to pieces because she couldn't speak her words the way that she wanted to. She earned those diamonds, she gets big pay, an' she has to have 'em to wear on the stage."

"I don't care how she got 'em," he broke in. "I know how you an' me can get 'em. There'll never be another chance like this."

"Tom," she pleaded, "I do honestly care a lot about you. If you care anything about me now's your time to show it. Don't say another word like you've been sayin'. What's the use? We'd both be mis'rable. We ain't thieves, neither one of us. If there'd been any thief about me you wouldn't have had much show with your stepladder, Tom. I'd 'a' had a big start o' you."

Wilson drew in a hard breath like a long gasp.

"You don't care nothin' about me," he said. "You never did. I didn't have any money. I couldn't take you out. An' you was always tied to the house anyway. That's the way with women. They"—

"Tom," said she, "you're talkin' crazy. I never took any pains to fool you about it. You could see how I felt. Ah! I ever asked o' you was that you should go to work steady, an' not hang around at odd jobs—a day's work for Miss Booth an' a day somewhere else, a week. If you want me you know how to get me even now, after this. Why, Tom, there ain't anything in stealin', there ain't anything into it at all. An' I know because I've tried. Look at this."

She picked the small stone out of the plate.

"I did my best to see if I couldn't pinch that little bit of a diamond," she continued, "an' I couldn't."

"I can," he cried and clutched at it, but she eluded him.

She stepped back from the window and stood trembling, the pallor struggling with the flush of the heat upon her thin cheeks and shining temples. Her blue eyes were big and bright, and they looked him through and through.

"Then this is our finish, Tom," she said. "I never knew you before. It would 'a' been just like me to make a mistake that would 'a' done for me for ever. I guess this is my lucky day. I don't feel much as if it was, but there can't be any better luck for a girl than to find out her mistake before she makes it."

He leaned in from the window sill, thrusting his face as near to hers as possible.

"Are you goin' to stand in my way?" he whispered.

"Me?" she said confusedly. "Me stand in your way?"

"I'm goin' to have those diamonds," said he. "It's for you to say whether you'll squeal on me or keep still."

His voice sounded sharp and hard. He was in deadly earnest. Annie was frightened, heartbroken and angry all together.

"Don't count on me, Tom," she said. "This is our finish. I've said that once before, an' I mean it. I'm done."

He gathered himself up in the window, watching her with dire intentness.

"You can get out o' here," he said. "There's nobody in the lower part o' the house. You needn't know anything about this. Go. Now's your chance."

"Don't fool yourself," she retorted angrily. "I'm stayin' right here."

His face took on a peculiar expression. She saw that his lower lip was between his teeth, and suddenly there was blood upon it. The next instant he sprang at her. He had made his plan upon the assumption that she would try to run away, and perhaps this error accounts for the surprising sequel. Annie did not run; she advanced. The collision between them occurred very much earlier than Mr. Wilson anticipated. He was overbalanced; he lost the battle and vanished from the scene of it. There was a horrible crash of the stepladder, and Wilson lay for a few seconds quite still amid its ruins, while Annie, weak with fright, hung over the window sill. She had not intended to push Tom out of the window; she had merely accepted combat with true courage.

A voice from above cried, "For de luh o' heaven!" And Annie, looking upward, saw the ebony countenance of Mrs. Booth's cook.

"Tom climbed up on the ladder to speak to me," said the girl. "Tom, you ain't hurt? Say you ain't hurt."

Wilson sat upon the ground and glared up at her.

"I'm no such liar as that," said he, with unconscious humor.

It was passing through his mind that the game was up; that Annie's explanation

MARCIA COLBERT WAS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.

was the only way of discretion and that he was lucky to be alive. He struggled to his feet and began to brush his clothes. At this moment Annie heard a voice behind her.

"Why, it's Annie Johnson! Now, isn't this the greatest luck! I'd lost your address."

Marcia Colbert was standing in the doorway, a vision of loveliness in the eyes of poor Annie.

"I hadn't ought to be gone in here," said the girl, knocked, an' I thought I heard you. An' after I [illegible] because"—

"I'm glad you did," said [illegible] some clothes for you [illegible] drive load, I should judge. I [illegible] how you'll worry them."

She removed a gold chain from around her neck. It had supported a fifth bag which was so full of money that it burst open when it was dropped upon the table. Beholding the display of green notes, Annie passed into a species of trance, which was so long continued that it attracted Miss Colbert's attention.

"I've just drawn some money for clothes," said she. "Had to have it, Annie. I've got to buy costumes in a terrible hurry, and I hadn't a cent. So what could the poor manager do?"

Intensity of thought wrinkled and twisted Annie's brow. She was engaged in the high grade intellectual labor of classification and comparison.

"You don't need any costumes to wear when you wash clothes," she said at last, "and you don't have any manager."

Miss Colbert looked at her steadily, with a broadening smile.

"How much do you need?" she said very kindly, and then, handing Annie a five dollar bill, "Will that help you out?"

The tears came into Annie's eyes.

"I said [illegible] that if you was home I'd be all [illegible] said she somewhat irrelevantly.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, in quarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Let go or die. That's the alternative of the shipwrecked man with the money bags. A great many people have a like alternative before them. Business men come to a point where the doctor tells them that they must "let go or die." Probably he advised a sea voyage or mountain air. There's an obstinate cough that won't be shaken off. The lungs are weak and perhaps bleeding. There is emaciation and other symptoms of disease, which if unskillfully or improperly treated *terminate in consumption.*

Thousands of men and women in a like condition have found complete healing by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"It gives me pleasure to send you this testimonial so that some other poor sufferer may be saved, as I was, by Dr. Pierce's *Golden Medical Discovery,*" writes Geo. A. Thompson, of Sheldon Ave., Chatham, Ont., Canada. "I had a cough for years, expectorated a great deal, and was slowly failing. Was losing flesh every day. Lost in weight from 150 pounds down to 128. My flesh got soft and I had no strength. Did not say anything to any one but made up my mind that the end was near at hand. One day my wife was reading in the Common Sense Medical Adviser about Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I said that sounds more like common sense than anything else that I had heard. I at once bought a bottle of your famous remedy and before I had taken half of one bottle I felt better. Took thirteen bottles and it made a new man of me. I gained sixteen pounds and never have had a cough since. I feel splendid and give all the credit to your medicine."

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Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure bad, foul stomach and constipation and solely by cures nearly every disease of like kind. They regulate, tone up and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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Paints and Varnishes
Crockery and Glassware
Spaulding's Baseball and Athletic Goods

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 15, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Attend the Traumeu's ball, June 23.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have an interesting ad in to-day's issue.

—Flour is advertised by A. E. Foster & Co. in their space this week.

—Criminal court is in session in Condersport this week. There are two murder cases on the docket.

—M. W. Heinlein is building an addition to the house recently moved to his property on East Main street.

—The advertisement of the Miller Hardware Co. of Olean in this issue gives some very attractive prices on summer luxuries.

—We have received an invitation to attend the annual commencement of the Central State Normal School at Lock Haven, Pa., on Wednesday, June 21.

—B. R. Sprague of East Smethport has one of the cleanest and neatest meat markets that can possibly be imagined. He contemplates extensive improvements, but already satisfies a large number of patrons.

—T. T. Allen was re-elected principal of the Smethport schools for another year, at an increased salary. Mr. Allen obtained his start as a teacher in the Kane schools, under the supervison of Prof. T. E. Lytle. Mr. Allen's many Kane frinds are pleased to note his success.—Kane Republican.

—Earl Sloan, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sloan of Bradford, died Sunday morning in Buffalo, N. Y., after a long and painful illness. Last August the young man received an injury to his leg while playing baseball in Pittsburg. A bone was injured and cancer resulted which baffled medical skill. Deceased was aged about 23 years.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Richmond of Pike street will depart this week for Cripple Creek, Col., to reside. Mr. Richmond, who was identified with the B., B. & K. for a number of years, is interested in the mining business in the west and has been appointed superintendent of a company in which he is one of the principal stockholders. He will return Wednesday from Cripple Creek to complete arrangements for the removal of his family to their new home.

—Monday's Bradford Era. Mr. Richmond formerly lived in Smethport, where he has many friends who wish them success.

—Tuesday morning John Chappell, aged about 56 years, was found dead in a stable at Hull. An examination of the body showed a deep gash back of the ear, which was sufficient to cause death. The wound was evidently made by a sharp instrument. The theory is advanced that Mr. Chappell fell against a protruding spike or other sharp object. Another theory is that he met with foul play.—Galeton Leader-Dispatch.

—Hon. and Mrs. Lewis Emery, Jr., have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Grace Elizabeth Emery and Mr. Mahlon Chapman Martin, which will be solemnized on Wednesday evening, June 28, at the Church of the Ascension. Following the ceremony an elaborate reception will be given at the Emery residence on Congress street. Mr. Martin is a resident of Bogota, Columbia, South America, where the young couple will be "at home" after Nov. 1.—Bradford Era.

A Coming Revolt.

Some day there is going to be a terrible revolt in this country against the boiled Shirt. We are not going to wear boards on our bosoms surmounted by picket fences when the laundryman feels cross and cuts a saw edge on our collars. American manhood is going to rise in its might some day and carefully drop the starch shirt over into the next lot, where the tin cans are. Today we haven't the nerve to do it. We are under the domination of social and commercial propriety to such an extent that we do not dare to arise and proclaim our freedom in the name of liberty of person and freedom of conscience. Some day we will wear soft shirts and flowing collars, and the man who wears a starched board on his bosom and a sheet iron ring around his neck will be known for the conceited and artificial ass that he really is.—Minneapolis Journal.

Regularity of Habits.

Very few persons understand the value of regularity of habits. Meals and sleeping hours should be fixed ones, for only harm can result from retiring one night at 10 and another at 12 o'clock unless the rising hour varies too. Eight hours of sleep one night and six the next is not the way in which to woo and keep health and if a similar habit of taking nourishment is encouraged there is little hope of reaching old age in a creditable condition. If over-worked nerves are wanted to prove or disprove these statements, try going to bed at a different hour night for three months, rising and eating at 6, 12 and 7 o'clock with never a break in the routine. The result will surprise you.—Minneapolis Journal.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Political Friendships.

A few months before he died Horatio Seymour said to one of his friends, Douglas Lawrence of New York: "Douglas, I feel that I am near the end of my career, and I want to tell you something. I have had a great deal to do with politics and with politicians in my time, and as I look back over the past I can clearly see that the best friendships of my life have been formed in politics. It is in politics that I have met the manliest men, the most generous. These political ties have been strengthened in after years. Many of them have continued throughout life. I believe politics brings out the best there is in man. It teaches the narrow man to be broad, the selfish one to be generous. This is true because friendships are essential to success. In that field of activity one must have friends or he can't get on, and if he wants friendships he must deserve them. I would not advise any young man to stay out of politics because of the danger of being demoralized. If he is the right kind of man it will do him good."

The Kangaroo at Bay.

When a mob of the kangaroo, if possible, dives to the right toward the river. If he succeeds in the water, and thanks to his great weight, is able to get on foot in the bed where the dogs are afraid to swim. There he grapples himself to his two hind legs and his tail, and, with his shoulders in the water, he waits the attack of the dogs. With his fore paws he seizes by the head the first dog that approaches him and, as he is more solidly balanced than his assailant, he holds the dog's nose under water as long as he can. Unless a second dog speedily comes to the rescue the first one is sure to be drowned. If a companion arrives and by his attacks on the kangaroo manages to set the captive free the half drowned brute is glad to regain the shore as quickly as possible. In this way a strong and courageous male kangaroo will hold his own against twenty or thirty dogs, drowning some and frightening others, and the hunter is obliged to intervene with a bullet.

Coziest City in the World.

There is nothing lazy about New York. It is not a city where a stranger can readily make a nest and feel at home. It does not welcome the foreigner with a smile and a polite "Now make yourself happy and comfortable." It says tartly, "Well, now that you're here I suppose you'll have to stay, but don't get in the way and bother people." Paris, on the other hand, is the coziest city in the world. It welcomes the newcomer in a thousand ways. It offers him the finest education in the world for nothing. Before him for miles lie the charm and wonder and mystery of those fascinating streets, each with its own character, some as full of history as an egg is of meat.—New York World.

A Chicken That "Played Possum."

Here is a chicken that "played possum." A correspondent writes: "The cat of our household entered my room the other day, dragging a nearly full grown chicken in its mouth. The chicken made no resistance and was quite motionless, and when I made the cat drop it the chicken lay apparently dead. I chased the cat from the room, and on my return to the chicken I was surprised to see it slowly open its eyes, raise its head and look cautiously *round.* As soon as it felt sure of the disappearance of its enemy it got up and ran off as fast as it could."

Appropriations.

"Our language is a strange thing. When the Methodist board of missions appropriates hundreds of thousands of dollars for work among the heathen there is a feeling among church people. When congress appropriates a good sum for river and harbor improvements we all agree that it is quite a good thing. But when a clerk appropriates a few hundred dollars of his employer's money he is sent to the penitentiary. The first sorts of appropriations are quite appropriate, but the last sort is altogether inappropriate.—Savannah News.

Curran's Retort.

Curran's friend was tickled by the orator's retort apropos of the jury system. The friend was boggling of his attachment to it and said, "With trial by jury I have lived and, by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die!"

"Oh," said Curran in amazement, "then you've made up your mind to be hanged, Dick!"

Amended.

When a Scotch schoolmaster entered the temple of learning one morning he read on the blackboard, "Our teacher is a donkey."

The pupils expected there would be a cyclone, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" and opened the school as usual.

No Genius Wanted.

"Look! I think your son is a genius."

"Oh, don't say that. We have been hoping all along that he may grow up to be a good, sensible man and finally succeed his father in business."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not the Only One.

Tomkins—I don't object so much to Fanny kissing her dog, but I prefer her to kiss me before and not after.

Wilkins—I know, but don't you suppose the dog has his preference too?—Boston Transcript.

Unable For Itself.

Mary—Do you think it would be conceited for me to tell my friends that I made this dress myself? Edith—Not conceited, my dear—impudent.

To Hide It.

Jewett—What are you growing a beard for? Jewett—Well, I don't mind telling you that I am wearing a necktie my wife gave me.

Harsh counsels have no effect. They are the hammers which are always repulsed by the anvil.—Helvetius.

Why He Was Sad.

"What's the matter, old man?" he said as they met the next morning after. "You look blue."

"I feel blue."

"But last night you were the jolliest member of our party."

"I felt jolly."

"You acted like a boy just let out of school."

"I felt like one."

"You said that your wife had gone away for the first time in three years and there wasn't any one to say a word if you went home and kicked over the mantel clock."

"I remember it."

"You said that if you stayed out until 4 o'clock there was no one to look at you reproachfully and sigh and make you feel mean."

"Yes, and I stayed out until 4 o'clock, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And I gave a war whoop on the front doorstep?"

"Yes, and you sang a verse from a comic opera song and tried to do a clog dance."

"Yes, and my wife missed that train and didn't go. Now, please go away and let my sorrow in silence."

Hens' Rights.

There is a story of an old New Hampshire doctor who, on taking out a wagon that had not been used for some time, found that a hen was sitting in it. He merely "hapgessed up" without disturbing her, and he and biddy made a series of calls. The Boston Herald offers this true story of the town of Amesbury, which owns a small fire apparatus:

Outside the fire limits is a small community that, on petition, received an appropriation for the purchase of a "hand tub." It was installed in an abandoned blacksmith shop, where it remained for two years, used only for *decorative purposes in street parades.*

Last summer a stroke of lightning started a small fire in a farmhouse nearby. The volunteer department rallied at once, but when they arrived at the engine house the foreman stood at the door.

"Don't touch her, boys!" cried he. "I've got two hens setting in the box. Let's get buckets."

They agreed, and the hens were allowed to pursue their incubating ways.

When Man Stays at Home.

It is surprising how soon a wife tires of the company of a man who is too much at home. Men are wise in getting away from their roof trees a portion of each day. Among their wives will be found a very general opinion to this effect, says the Gentlewoman. There will be found everywhere a disposition to pack them off in the morning and to bid them keep out of the way till toward evening, when it is presumed that they will probably have a little news of the busy world to bring home and when baby will be sure to have said something exceptionally brilliant and precocious. The general events of the day will afford topics of conversation more interesting by far than if the whole household had been together from morn till night. A very little inquiry, too, will elicit the fact that men about home all day are eminently apt to be fidgety and grumpy and interfering—altogether objectionable, in short.

Safe Deposit Vaults.

Did you ever rent a safe in a vault? Well, sir, they are in great variety, the annual charge being from $5 to $700. The former is about an inch and a quarter deep, five inches wide and eighteen inches long. It might hold half a dozen bonds. The latter is about four feet high, three feet wide and two feet deep. It might hold many millions of securities. Both are fitted with key or combination locks, as are all those of intermediate prices.—New York Press.

We are never so ridiculous because of the qualities we have as because of those we affect to have.—Rochefoucauld.

A FOOLISH PLAN

'Tis a joy to eat—I welcome my dinner hour; Because I rout indigestion with August Flower!

¶Constipation is the result of indigestion, biliousness, flatulency, loss of appetite, self-poisoning, anemia, emaciation, uric acid, neuralgia in various parts of the system, catarrhal inflammation of the intestinal canal and numerous other ailments that rob life of its pleasures if they do not finally rob you of life itself.

¶"I'm bound in the bowels," is a common expression of people who look miserable and are miserable—yet who persist in "letting nature take its course."

¶What a foolish plan, when nature could be aided by the use of Green's August Flower, which is nature's own remedy for constipation and all stomach ills.

¶*August Flower gives new life to the liver and insures healthy stools.*

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

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Summer Luxuries,

Some are Necessities

No matter which we can supply most of them promptly and cheaply.

HAMMOCKS, Palmer's make, the only kind worth buying - $1.25 to $6
PORCH ROCKERS, - $1.75 to $2.75
RUSTIC PORCH CHAIRS, - $2.50 to $5.50.
OLD HICKORY PORCH CHAIRS, $2.75 to $6
PORCH SCREENS, - $1.25 to $2.50
PORCH MATTINGS, - 10c to 65c yd
JAPANESE RUGS, - $1.25 to $10
LAWN SEATS - - - 75c
LAWN SWINGS - - $5 to $7
CROQUET SETS, - $1, $1.25, $1.50
GOLF, TENNIS & BASEBALL GOODS
REFRIGERATORS, - $8 to $35
ICE CREAM FREEZERS - $1.50 up
LAWN MOWERS, - $2.75 to $11

Freight prepaid on all purchases of $5 or more.

MILLER HARDWARE CO.,

OLEAN, N. Y.

LARGEST HOUSE FURNISHING STORE.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

We are now showing the prettiest white chiffon and lace hats of the season. This dainty headwear is sensible as well as stylish. Also have the new white duck hats which are very serviceable. All Ready to Wear Hats now sold at a great discount. Come and See Our New Washable Shirt Waist Suits which we are selling for the approaching warm weather. Also a beautiful line of White Shirt Waists which are exceptionally pretty—lace trimmed, embroidery trimmed, hemstitchings and tucks. Our prices are so low you will find a great saving in them.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

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USE IT ONCE AND YOU WILL WANT TO AGAIN.

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THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

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SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

McKean County Miner

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1 00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

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Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 15, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Democratic party at the primaries.

W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., March 11, 1905.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
F. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

Last week Governor Pennypacker appointed Dr. Samuel G. Dixon of Philadelphia as Commissioner of Health of this State. Dr. Dixon is a man well qualified for the position and will make a first class official. He is in no way a politician and was selected wholly on his professional merits.

THE Norwegians would like to establish an independent republic, but Russia and Germany do not wish to see any new republics started and as a consequence they intend to force the Norwegians back into monarchy. It is unfortunate that the republics of the world are not in a position to encourage and aid struggling people to be self-governing.—Bradford Era.

ON Saturday Frank C. Bigelow, confessed defaulter in the sum of $1,500,000 of the funds of the First National Bank of Milwaukee, pleaded guilty to an indictment of 30 counts, each count a violation of the national banking laws, and was sentenced by U. S. District Judge Quarles to 10 years' imprisonment at hard labor in the Federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., the sentence to date from noon Saturday.

EVERYTHING indicates that the gang in Philadelphia which is receiving such rough treatment at the hands of Mayor Weaver will make every effort to bring the Republican organization throughout the State to their aid, and the leaders in the different sections cannot be too careful about keeping clear of this fight. There is no question there is more or less rottenness in Philadelphia politics and this fight is bound to clean it up to a certain extent, at least, and no matter whether the axe cuts off Democratic or Republican heads it is not the duty of the Republicans of the State to interfere so long as the guilty are being punished. The Republican party stands for good and honest government and if any of its alleged members in Philadelphia stand for any other principles they should suffer the penalty without expecting the aid of honest Republicans of the State. This Philadelphia fight is purely local and the only obligation the Republicans of the State owe either is their support to the side that is working for more honest and better government.

THE end of the war between Russia and Japan now appears to be in sight. The note sent by President Roosevelt to both governments asking them to make negotiations for peace was received in good spirit, and already steps are being taken toward that end. Russia has expressed her willingness to consider terms which the Japanese government will offer and an armistice has practically been declared. The Japanese opinion of these negotiations is given in the Jiji published at Tokio, which is as follows: Japan has shown a willingness to appoint plenipotentiaries to meet the Russians and negotiate peace. Much as Japan would like to see peace effected, nothing short of the full rights of victory and placing the peace of the Orient on the permanent basis, will satisfy Japan. It is premature to discuss terms of peace. It probably will become necessary to arrange an armistice at the commencement of negotiations, and it will be essential to obtain some guarantee before concluding an armistice in order to prevent the interests and positions of Japan from suffering in the event of negotiations being broken off. The unprecedented Japanese victory must not be forgotten. Russia's great power is not easily broken down. It might require years before the ultimate result of the war is attained. Japan does not favor the prolongation of the war, but the heavy losses of lives involved move the people from the depths of their hearts. The Jiji thanks President Roosevelt and pays tribute to him for his action. It concludes by warning the people to be prepared for the non-success of the negotiations, and for the possible necessity of continuing the struggle.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., June 10, 1905

President Roosevelt has brought, if not to a close, at least to a period, the peace negotiations which have for the past week had their center in Washington by addressing to Russia and Japan a duplicate note in which he appeals to both belligerents to bring to a close the "terrible and lamentable conflict now being waged." It is generally believed that the President did not take this step without first ascertaining that it would prove acceptable to both powers and it is generally accepted as a long stride in the direction of peace. Should peace be accomplished as the direct result of the initiatory steps which the President has taken it will add one to the many triumphs which have crowned his administration.

Summing up the general situation in the light of the best information obtainable, it may be said that following the President's frank presentation of the situation to the Russian ambassador, which occurred a week ago, the Czar finally sent for Ambassador Meyer, who it will be remembered, is the member of the Republican National Committee from Massachusetts, and a close friend of the President's. Mr. Meyer served his apprenticeship in diplomacy at Rome where he was ambassador throughout the last administration. After his audience with the Czar the ambassador cabled a full account to the President, the character of his communication having been as closely withheld as possible.

He made it clear, however, that the Czar was still unwilling to be placed in the position of suing for peace, although he was grateful for the President's friendly expressions and intimated that he would be glad to know something of the peace terms which Japan would demand.

After a careful consideration of Ambassador Meyer's dispatches the President sent for the Japanese minister, Kogoro Takihira, who came immediately to the White House, despite the fact that he was obliged to leave a sick bed to do so. What the character of his interview with the President was can only be surmised, but it is known that Japan still maintains the position that she cannot define peace terms until Russia has done more than express a mild interest in their character. The Mikado believes that the Czar should first frankly declare that he is ready to make peace if Japan's terms are moderate and that then the President, or other intermediary, should secure from the Czar an acceptance, at least in principle, of some of the conditions fundamental to permanent peace. For instance, Russia should, in the estimation of Japan, recognize the right of Japan to an indemnity the property of a permanent evacuation of Manchuria, the permanence of Japan's control of Corea, etc. This much accomplished a protocol could be signed and the actual amount of the indemnity, the fate of Vladivostok and similar more specific questions could be left for final settlement between the principals. The Czar, on the other hand, maintains that it is extremely difficult for him to commit Russia to peace without some appreciation of all that peace implies.

The rarest tact and diplomacy will be required on the part of the President to settle these differences and to at the same time avoid making any entangling alliances. For instance, Japan, profiting by the experience of her war with China, when the fruits of victory were wrested from her by the concert of Europe and divided between Russia, Great Britain, France and Germany, is not unlikely to ask President Roosevelt to guarantee in return for certain concessions by her that no European power, other than Russia, shall attempt to dictate the ultimate terms of peace, once Japan has committed herself to the peace proposition. It is also not a remote probability that Great Britain will seek once more to extend the cordial relations which now exist between this country and that by some agreement closely approximating that alliance between Great Britain and the United States which Lord Mansdowne has always regarded as exceptionally desirous.

The Loomis-Bowen episode has almost degenerated into a farce. Minister Russell has arrived in Washington from Bogota and when cross-examined by Mr. Bowen in the presence of Secretary Taft was entirely unable to substantiate in any particular the charges of the Minister. Minister Bowen has applied for instruction to go to Venezuela to take up evidence against Secretary Loomis, but it is entirely unlikely that his request will receive favorable action as he has thus far failed to prove the charges which he preferred against Mr. Loomis. There is one more witness to be examined after which Minister Bowen will, it is generally believed, be relieved from further service in the diplomatic corps of the United States. While certain slight indiscretions on the part of Mr. Loomis have been shown there is no evidence that he has done anything discreditable and the prediction made in these letters some time ago, that he will be made an ambassador before the close of the present administration still holds good.

Charles Mathews and Mr. Tattersall.

Charles Mathews, the famous English actor, once indulged discourteously in his well known mimicry. The ridiculing was at the expense of Mr. Tattersall during a sale of blood stock conducted by that well known auctioneer.

"The next lot, gentlemen," said Mr Tattersall, "is a bay filly by Smoked-ale," etc.

"The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mr. Mathews in the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly by Smoke-pipe."

The auctioneer looked somewhat annoyed, says the writer of "English Comedians of the Past," but proceeded:

"Well, what shall we begin with?"

"Well, what shall we begin with?" replied the echo.

Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall inquiringly called out:

"One hundred guineas?"

"One hundred guineas?" echoed Mathews.

"Thank you, sir," cried Mr. Tattersall, bringing down the hammer with a bang. "The filly is yours."

Gladstone and Disraeli.

An odd scene in the house of commons between Disraeli and his great opponent, Gladstone, is recorded in the diary of Sir M. E. Grant Duff, who tells the story as he heard it:

Gladstone was orationing away as to Disraeli's proceedings and said, "This, sir—this has been the course of the right honorable gentleman and his satellites." He appeared then quite to lose the thread of what he had been saying. He looked at some papers and then seemed to repent to Goschen, but for a time he was quite lost.

Disraeli looked over a great paper he had in his hand and said very quietly, "You got to satellites," as if he were speaking to a child who was saying his lesson.

At last Gladstone appeared to recover himself and said:

"Oh, I am very much obliged to the right honorable gentleman. We will leave the satellites and go on to something else."

A Valuable Publication.

The Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has published the 1905 edition of the summer excursion route book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal summer resorts of the United States, with the best routes for reaching them and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts in New England, the Middle, Southern and Western States, and in Canada; and over seventeen hundred different routes or combination of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive hand book of summer travel ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various routes and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

This very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., by mail for twenty cents.

PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS.

See the Most for Your Money.

Rock Island service to California and Pacific Northwest this summer permits you to do this. Low round-trip rates to Los Angeles, San Francisco or Portland on special dates in May, June, July, August, September and October. Liberal arrangements for stop-over among the mountains of Colorado and in California—side trips to Yellowstone, Yosemite, etc. Write for Colorado and California books and Rock Island folder. John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $60,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

OUR ANNUAL

Great Reduction Sale

BEGINS TO-DAY

Prices on all MENS, YOUTHS & CHILDREN'S SUITS have been

Reduced

ON AN AVERAGE OF

30 per cent.

Even immense lots go quickly at such reductions. There are many Suits in this SALE heavy enough for fall.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

LOST

opportunities seldom present themselves again. If you have any Plumbing to be done, better send for us right away.

Good Plumbers

like us are in demand. So if you put that job of yours off we may be too busy to give it the prompt attention we can now. Come to-day? Sure.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBY BLOCK. Smethport.

AUDITORS' REPORT

Keating Township School District for the Year Ending June 1, 1905.

JOHN YERDON Account with Keating Township School Funds for the year ending June 1, 1905

	Dr.	
To received State Appropriations	$ 280 19	
To received from County Treasurer	2371 35	
To received from ex-Collector Burdick	28 52	
To received from Collector Bray	3009 92	
To received from ex-Treasurer McGowan	1943 87	
To received loan from G. C. Orlatt	500 00	
To received loan from Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.	1000 00	
To received tuition from Bradford Township	230 24	
To received tuition from Lafayette Township	143 88	
To received tuition from Otto Township	111 48	
To received from all other sources	17 03	$12611 35
	Cr.	
By paid teachers' wages	6870 40	
By paid attending institute	216 00	
By paid school supplies	612 37	
By paid school supplies other than text books	449 22	
By paid building and furnishing	231 09	
By paid rent and repairs	275 47	
By paid debt and interest	2493 34	
By paid secretary's salary	250 00	
By paid fuel and contingencies	513 97	
By paid on account scarlet fever quarantine 100	24 00	
By paid directors for attending election co. supt.	5 00	
By paid attendance officers services	29 00	
By paid School Journal	7 00	
By paid tuition Smethport Borough	49 00	
By paid publishing auditors report	33 75	
By paid auditors	30 00	
By paid conveyance of children to school	47 40	
By paid commission on $12,162.03 @ 2%	243 06	
Amount due Twp. School Fund	215 36	12611 35

JAMES BRAY in account with Keating Township School District as Collector for the year ending June 1, 1905:

	Dr.	
To amount of school duplicate 1904	5144 70	
To balance due last auditors report duplicate 1903	894 16	6038 86
	Cr.	
By amount paid Treasurer Yerdon 1903 & 1904 duplicate	4069 03	
By exonerations, 1903 $230.29, 1904 $180.99	411 30	
By taxes returned to county commissioners	56 32	
By 5% allowed taxpayers' commission $2,116.48	105 82	
By 2% commission on $2,116.48	43 34	
By 5% commission on $1,653.44	82 67	
Balance due Township	1270 50	6038 86

LIABILITIES.

To amount outstanding orders	3947 46	3947 46

RESOURCES.

By amount due from Collector Bray	1270 50	
By amount in hands of Treasurer Yerdon	215 36	
By amount due from Co. Treasurer subject to commission and exonerations	1073 16	
By estimated amt. due from other townships tuition	500 00	
Liabilities over resources to balance	888 35	3947 46

We, the auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts and vouchers of Collector Bray and Treasurer Yerdon, do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this 10th day of June, A. D. 1905

ANDREW B. WASHBURN [SEAL]
FRANK L. BROCKHAM [SEAL]
JOHN D. ABBEY [SEAL]
Auditors.

SATURDAY JUNE 17, ONLY

On the above date I will sell at big reductions all summer suits. I do not limit this sale to any particular kind or any few suits but include all MEN'S BOYS' and CHILDREN'S SUITS in the Store. Now will be your chance to get a good suit cheap and we will guarantee every suit in this sale the same as if you pay the regular price. If you never have bought a suit here try it and find out our guarantee.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Just Received From New York City at Store of D. C. Young

Fine assortment of New Spring Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions. Newest things out in Wash Goods for Ladies' Wear. Also nice lot of Ladies' Shirt Waists for every day wear, at popular prices. Also a new lot of latest styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes. Call and examine same before purchasing elsewhere. At same time do not forget to take a glance at our bargain counter where you can find many things that will interest you.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
Feb. 6, 1905.

SPRING SUITS

The latest styles in spring goods have now arrived. The assortment is complete in every detail, and one of the best ever shown in Smethport. Let me make your Easter suit and I will guarantee it to be satisfactory in every sense of the word.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

Printzess Cadets PRIZE PLAN-

?WHO? WILL? WIN?

The Beautiful Printzess Cadet Suit which goes to the Most Popular High School Girl in the Town.

To be decided by ballot—one vote going with every dollar's purchase in this store between June 16 and July 7. Purchasers in the Cloak Department will receive two ballots for each dollar. Now, rally round your favorite, let the votes come fast and furious. Polls close July 7, and its the early votes that count you know.

The New Printzess Cadets have the Snappiest Style you ever saw. Ideal for Outing and Vacation wear. Just the dash of difference that makes for "Distinction in Dress."

Come and see what we mean. First purchasers in Cloak Department get color poster suitable for den.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

Dangers of Defective Plumbing

Defective plumbing permits the entrance into the house of sewer gas bearing germs of contagious diseases to which the human system readily succumbs.

Is Your Plumbing System Defective?

Sewer gas is not necessarily generated in the sewer, but is frequently created in the plumbing system within the house and enters the apartments through defective fixtures.

The most dangerous sewer gases are often inodorous and therefore not discovered until ill-health renders necessary an examination of conditions, but often too late to repair the damage done.

If you are in doubt, consult us regarding the piping, also the replacing of defective fixtures with "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware, which is acknowledged the best sanitary equipment in the world.

H. H. REDFIELD.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 15, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Condersport will celebrate July 4.

—Baseball at 3:30 this afternoon. Eldred vs. Smethport.

—F. W. Hussey has moved into the P., S. & N. residence on Pine streets.

—Miss Rae Rubin entertained the Euchre Club last Thursday afternoon.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Jarret of East street, on Saturday, June 10, a girl.

—Rubin has some clothing prices to offer for Saturday. Read his advertisement.

—Ground has been broken for the new residence of John Karlen on Green street.

—The W. C. T. U. will meet on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the M. E. chapel.

—High School girls and their friends will be interested in the Lindholm Co.'s ad this week.

—John Forrest, Esq., is the possessor of a new Northern automobile, which arrived Saturday.

—Port Allegany vs. Smethport at Kane field Saturday afternoon. Game called at 3 o'clock.

—A gang of about 75 men are at work on Potato creek laying an 8-inch pipe line from Colegrove to the Western oil fields, ed on the Democrat several years ago.

—In looking over the ads this week don't miss Fry & Comes. They have something of interest.

—Anson S. Burdick's new automobile arrived yesterday. It is a Grout steam runabout and a very handsome machine.

—It is reported that Mrs. Shoemaker, widow of the late John R. Shoemaker, is dangerously ill at her home in Buffalo.

—St. Elizabeth's Auxiliary will hold a lawn fete on the church grounds next Saturday evening. Ice cream and cake ten cents.

—Mr. Murry Hooker and Miss Pearl Oviatt of Smethport were married at Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1905, by Rev. E. H. Dutton.

—A fire that destroyed a hotel, cigar factory and livery stable before it could be checked raged in Corry yesterday morning. The loss is estimated at $10,000.

—The insurance on Callahan McCarty's dwelling house on Northumberland avenue, which was damaged by fire a few weeks ago, has been adjusted, and repairs are now well under way.

—A great game of baseball will take place at Kane Field to-morrow between the Smethport and Hazelhurst I. O. O. F. teams. It will be a lively exhibition and a large crowd will be in attendance.

—A. C. Rogers, who has worked in Warren printing offices since last summer, went home last week to Duke Centre in very poor health from lung disease.—Warren Mail. Mr. Rogers is quite well known in Smethport, having work-

—The G. B. B. A. is making preparations for its "commencement exercises" which will be held during the clam bake at Burbank's grove, Monday, July 3rd.

—Rev. W. A. Day of Delevan, N. Y., is registered at the Wright House and supplied the Baptist pulpit last Sunday. He is to supply the same church next Sunday morning and evening.

—Mrs. J. W. Brennan has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Martha, and Mr. William Tenn Clothier, Jr., of Buffalo, N. Y., which occurs next Wednesday, May 21.

—Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Harriet Marsh Ryan of Kane and Mr. Ralph Corwin Gleason of Smethport, which happy event is to take place at Kane on Wednesday evening, June 28, 1905.

—The Smethport Baseball Association wish to announce that the side or north gate of the grounds will hereafter be closed to spectators and players. Patrons are urged to go to the east or main gate, as in that way much inconvenience and confusion is avoided.

—The reorganized Port Allegany Indians will be Smethport's opponents at Kane field next Saturday, June 17. This will be an exhibition game and will of course be interesting, as there is always something doing when Port Allegany and Smethport meet on the baseball diamond.

—Delo, the Derrick City twirler, recently signed by the Bradford team, was touched up for 20 hits in Coudersport Tuesday. It will probably be a case of back to the fall derricks with Mr. Delo. The cast of the Bradford team is so frequently changed that the players do not have time to become acquainted.

—Attend the baseball game this afternoon at Kane field. The Eldred team will be Smethport's opponents. The Angels are a pretty warm proposition for any of the league clubs to go up against this year and will undoubtedly be "double strength" this afternoon. Fuller and Croissant will do the battery work for the Champions.

—Prof. Barden Bayle, who was in May elected county superintendent of schools, has assumed the duties of the office, succeeding Prof. J. E. Myers, who retires after a long and exceptionally successful service. Mr. Myers has made many friends in Smethport and has their best wishes for continued success in whatever undertaking he may embark.

—Posters are out announcing the grand ball to be given by the Shawnut lodge, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen at the Smethport Lyceum, Friday, June 23. The Lyceum orchestra will furnish music for the occasion and St. Elizabeth's church ladies will have charge of supper arrangements. A special train will leave St. Marys at 7 p. m., and a large crowd is expected. Tickets $1.00. Everybody invited.

—For the benefit of those desiring to attend the Field Day of the Patrons of Husbandry, to be held at Machias, N. Y., June 22, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Machias Junction, good going on June 21 and 22, and good returning until June 25, inclusive, from Buffalo, Rochester, Smethport, Port Allegany, Bradford and intermediate stations, at reduced rates. For specific rates, consult ticket agents.

—George Smith, employed as a lineman by the Bradford Electric Light and Power company was instantly killed at 10 o'clock Monday morning by touching a heavily charged wire in front of No. 40 Chestnut street, Bradford, a few doors from his own dwelling house. He was discovered face downward over a guy wire, with legs astride another wire. It was 15 minutes before the body could be lowered to the ground. He was aged about 40 years and leaves a widow, a son and a daughter.

—John Covely, a well known young man, sustained an operation for appendicitis at his home on King street last Thursday afternoon. Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane performed the operation, assisted by several Smethport physicians. For several days after the operation the patient was in an extremely critical state, but late reports from his bedside say that his condition is improving, and his ultimate recovery is confidently expected, which will be welcome news to Mr. Covely's many friends.

—Street Commissioner Andrew Ness, who recently purchased the property on Water street known as the Farmers Hotel, contemplates making extensive repairs on that hostlery. It will be newly painted, papered and furnished throughout, with particular attention to comfort and sanitary excellence. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and altogether it is the new proprietor's intention to conduct a first-class hotel. Mr. Ness is an industrious man, who has won the good opinion of Smethport's citizens by his strict attention to the duties of his position as street commissioner, and has the best wishes of the people in general for success in his new venture.

Choice lots for sale in borough of Smethport on Water St. Main St., King St., and North St. Any of these lots will be sold at reasonable prices and liberal time will be given to all parties who wish to improve same. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

F. J. Vickery's livery, back of D. C. Young's store, has new horses and carriages, is open day and night and has Bell 'phone. Prompt attention given to all business. Prices reasonable.

For Sale.

1904 Rambler touring car, taken in exchange for 1905 model. First class condition. Price right.

RALPH E. BURDICK.

Try Bug Death. It destroys all vermin and feeds the plant.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Personal Mention.

Theron Lyle is visiting his parents in Kinzua.

Miss Jennie Gifford is visiting friends in Crosby.

Miss Genevieve Crosby was a Kane visitor Tuesday.

Rev. J. Heber McCandless is a visitor in Buffalo.

Clark Todd of Port Allegany spent Sunday in town.

Miss Martha Brennan visited Mt. Jewett friends Tuesday.

Mrs. W. V. Provin of Bolivar is visiting relatives in town.

Scott F. Redfield is spending a few days in Geneva, N. Y.

Miss Genie Gifford returned to her home at Crosby yesterday.

Mrs. F. A. McCoy and Mrs. John Forrest visited Bradford yesterday.

Currey Henty of Hornellsville was a guest of friends in town Sunday.

Sam Moore left Monday for Atlantic City where he will spend the summer.

Mrs. T. A. Morrison is a guest of Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford this week.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Folger, in Geneva, N. Y.

Mrs. John D. Abbey is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. M. Thamm, in Bradford.

Harold Duncan of Bradford visited S. G. Bush and sister, Miss Mabel Duncan, this week.

W. B. Clarke returned Tuesday evening from an extended sojourn at Cambridge Springs.

Mrs. James McGowan and daughter Anna, returned from a week's visit in Bradford Tuesday.

Mrs. G. H. Curtis left on Friday last for Buffalo and Attica, where she will spend a few weeks.

Mrs. A. R. Brayden of Clarington, Pa., is visiting at the home of her father, J. C. Cunningham.

Mrs. Epstein of Johnsonburg and Mrs. Hirchfield of New York were guests of Mrs. H. W. Rubin yesterday.

E. S. Carpenter of Eldred was in town on a business mission Saturday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. Magee and daughters, Misses Anna and Genevieve, of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town yesterday.

T. H. Clark is in York, Pa., in attendance at the Great Council of Red Men as a delegate from Mackanee Tribe.

Mrs. L. Hopper and daughters, Hazel and Alberta, left for Hornellsville yesterday where they will visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett passed Sunday at the home of Mrs. J. W. Brennan, Mechanic street.

Mrs. A. W. Mitchell, Miss Ruth Forrest, John Forrest, Dr. E. R. Baker and George Garrit autoed to Coudersport yesterday.

Claude Denning is in Johnsonburg to-day, where he is doing the pitching for the team of that place against Punxsutawney.

W. S. Palmer, who is a traveling salesman for the Campbell Brass works of Erie, visited his home in Smethport over Sunday.

Lloyd Armstrong, who is employed with the Brooks Locomotive works in Dunkirk, N. Y., is passing his vacation with friends in town.

Rev. W. A. Day of Delevan dropped into this office Tuesday. The foregoing sentence was put in type by Rev. Day, who is an old-time printer.

Sheriff C. E. Mays and Frank McCarty left Tuesday with prisoners for the western penitentiary at Allegheny and Morganza reform school.

Hon. J. W. Bouton and family and Hon. T. F. Richmond and family left Monday for a camping and fishing sojourn in the wilds of Potter county.

Roy Stark departed Friday last for Jamestown, N. Y., where he has secured a position with the Dewey & Davis printing establishment of that city.

Harry Hallman, who has been visiting his parents in town, has returned to his duties as a sailor on the U.S.S. Maine, which is stationed at New York City.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce departed for Olean yesterday where they boarded their houseboat, "Tourist," and will start on a journey down the river. Mrs. John Green and Miss Ida Bennett were guests on board last night.

William Covely, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Covely and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McCloskey, son and daughter, all of Johnsonburg, were in town during the week, called here by the serious illness of John Covely.

Reduced Rates to Niagara Falls.

On account of the Imperial Council, Ancient Order of the Mystic Shrine, at Niagara Falls, N. Y., June 20 and 21, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Niagara Falls from all stations on its lines at greatly reduced rates.

From Bradford, Pa., Sherman, Portville, Black Creek, and Salamanca, N. Y., and intermediate stations, tickets will be sold and good going June 19 and 20, good returning until June 24, inclusive.

From all other stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad tickets will be sold and good going June 18 and 19, good returning leaving Niagara Falls not later than June 24, inclusive. By deposit of ticket with Joint Agent at Niagara Falls not later than June 24 and payment of fifty cents, an extension of return limit may be obtained to leave Niagara Falls not later than June 30.

A stop-over will be allowed at Philadelphia and Baltimore on return trip within final limit of ticket on all tickets good for passage via these cities.

For specific rates, routes, and further information, apply to Ticket Agents.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

FRY & COMES.

Parasols--Priced Astonishingly Low

Never in any former year have parasols been more in favor than now—Rightfully so you'll say when you see the beauties the season has brought out.

They are the product of one of the foremost parasol makers in the land—strongly made and exceedingly graceful. There's variety to—such that we are sure your notion of parasol beauty will find expression here. With the sunshade weather all ahead this sale from economy standpoint is very important.

We are ready to quit for this season—If you are thinking of a parasol buy it now.

1.50 Parasols special at	$1.00	4.00 Parasols Special at	$2.75
2.25 " " "	$1.50	4.50 " " "	$3.00
3.75 " " "	$2.25	6.00 " " "	$3.90

Shirt Waist Bargains

25c 50c 75c

Three special lots of waists will go at very small prices this week.

We've marked them at about half the usual prices.

They're odd lots: some slightly soiled, all real bargains.

FRY & COMES

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 to $2.00.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Pat. March 18 and Nov. 9, 1897. Pat. in Canada Nov. 2, 1897, and Jan. 25, 1900.

Bug Death!

A most excellent plant food.

Sure death to Potato, Squash and Cucumber bugs, Currant, Gooseberry, Tomato worms, etc.

PREVENTS BLIGHT

For rose bushes, house plants grape vines and all shrubs it has no equal.

Harmless to animals. Safe to handle.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

Graduation Presents and Wedding Gifts

will be our specialty for the next two months. Several large weddings in Bradford and we will have the largest and finest stock ever shown.

SPECIAL PRICES ON DIAMONDS FOR JUNE.

SPECIAL PRICES ON WATCHES FOR JUNE.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

Thanks to the Postman

By TROY ALLISON

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure.

Melissa clawed her pen staff in pretended meditation and kept one eye on Dicky Johnston.

Dicky had shown signs of wandering away from the fold and must be brought back. It was decidedly against Melissa's creed to allow another girl to receive even an iota of admiration from one of her roterie.

There was a girl belonging to the house party, a blond, Melissa thought contemptuously, who had received entirely too much attention from Dicky.

Therefore he must be disciplined. His lesson must be decided at once and to the point. Having decided upon this, Melissa gave her pen one convulsive nibble and commenced writing hurried

"I KNOW IT WAS A JOKE," HE RESCUED.

ly. As there happened to be no one in the library at the time except Dicky and herself, his attention was soon attracted by the aggressive scratching of her pen.

"Why don't you stop and amuse a fellow?" he urged. "What are you writing?"

"Oh, just writing," she replied airily, her tone insinuating that there were subjects beyond his comprehension.

"To a man?" he asked sulkily.

"A very charming man," she assured him impressively. "It's rather an important communication," she continued. "I wish you would look over this page and see if it is too stilted."

Dicky took it up with relieved alacrity, but his face lengthened visibly as he read:

"I have decided that I will marry you. I don't know why I hesitated. If you can get away from town for a day take the Ederton local for Mrs. Wimberly's country place, and you can tell me if you are glad I didn't keep you waiting any longer."

Dicky handed it back and commenced a study of the library fire.

"I don't see how any one could possibly call that stilted," he growled.

Melissa signed the note, sealed it and directed it to Dr. John Hartly.

Considering the fact that Dr. Hartly was only a very casual acquaintance and had never asked Melissa to marry him nor had she ever dreamed of his asking her to do so, this literary achievement might be regarded as rather theatrical.

She gathered up her writing materials, slipped the letter into her writing pad and started for the door. Stopping a minute to fluff up her brown pompadour, she fixed a reproachful eye upon the object of her vengeance.

"I never would have thought, Dicky"—there were volumes of surprise in her voice—"that you would have cared anything at all for blonds." She went out and shut the door rather decidedly.

As she crossed the hall the letter slipped out and fell to the floor, making no sound on the soft rug. She went upstairs, unconscious of her loss, smiling in anticipation of the interview she would have with Dicky when his repentance had reached a proper depth. It was Melissa's theory, gained in her twenty years, that men needed to be taught lessons occasionally. When Dicky had learned his lesson she would acknowledge that she had not yet sent the letter, but was keeping it for further consideration.

The footman, coming for the letter bag a few minutes later, was unconscious of the inner workings of Melissa's mind. He picked up her letter and posted it with the others.

Two evenings later the maid brought Melissa Dr. Hartly's card. "I took him to the library, miss. He said he could only stay a few minutes and wanted to see you alone."

Melissa went downstairs, her forehead puckered into a wondering frown. She could not imagine why Dr. Hartly had come to Ederton to talk with her about anything.

He came forward to meet her, and she felt a little constrained in her greeting of this man of forty, who seemed so different from Dicky and the others.

"I'm so glad you decided to marry me," he said cordially, his eyes twinkling. "I hoped some woman would some day. You see, I have been so busy—I rather neglected it."

Melissa gasped with astonishment.

"Who said anything about my marrying you?" she finally managed to say, her eyes round with surprise.

He took her note from his inside pocket, adjusted his eyeglasses and looked at it carefully.

"I certainly hope I have not been mistaken," he said, handing it to her.

Two large tears rolled down her cheek. "I don't know how on earth—I thought this was upstairs in my writing pad," she said miserably. "It was just a joke to tease Dicky. I—oh, I never was so ashamed in my whole life!" she said, dropping into a big library chair and hiding her face against its back.

He walked behind the chair and, leaning on it, looked down smilingly upon the brown head that rose and fell with each sob.

"I knew there was some kind of joke connected with it, child," he said soothingly. "There was obliged to be some joke about the fact that a girl your age would dream of marrying an old man like me."

"I don't think you are—old," came in muffled tones from the padded back of the chair.

"I knew it was a joke," he resumed, "but it seemed rather—pleasant. Somehow I had an irresistible desire to come and see why you did it."

Melissa's face was still hidden.

"I wouldn't have you feel mortified about it, for the world," leaning over until his lips touched a stray tendril of her hair that shone red brown on the black leather chair back. "I am twice as old as you. Little girl, but I am young enough to understand a joke. Do you feel all right about it now?"

The brown head nodded in a comforted manner.

"And yet, Melissa, I can't help realizing how nice it would be—if it were not a joke. If there ever comes a day when you could possibly mean it, won't you send it back?"

The figure was as still as the chair that held it, and Hartly sighed as he turned off.

"Never mind. Of course you could not. I'll say goodby now and catch the 9 o'clock train for town. Won't you shake hands to show we understand each other?"

Melissa blindly held out a wavering hand that he grasped in his big one.

His expression changed with lightning rapidity, for there could be no doubt about it—the girl had gently pressed into his palm the note that had been concealed in her hand.

"Melissa!" he exclaimed unbelievingly, seating himself upon the arm of the big chair.

Prepared For Emergencies.

A well to do Kentucky farmer once invited an acquaintance from a neighboring town to dine with him. The recipient of this courtesy was a man well known in that region for his general crankiness and his propensity to use his gun at the least evidence of what he considered an affront. The farmer, well aware of the touchiness of his guest with whom, for business reasons, he desired to remain on good terms, always kept a wary eye on his visitor. One afternoon the testy individual in conversation with his host remarked: "I can't account for the queer feelings and impulses that come over me at times. Do you know, the first time I took dinner here I had as much as I could do to master the impulse when one of your sons made a certain remark to whip out my gun and let go." "Oh, don't you worry about that," said the farmer. "I know all about your little failing in that line. My son Jake was standin' in the hallway just back of you with a shotgun. You did well to change your mind. At the first motion toward your hip pocket my son Jake had instructions to blow daylight through you!"

Neighbors, After All.

The wealthy man had told the visitor who was soliciting money for foreign missions that he preferred to help the heathen next door. "I want what I give to benefit my neighbors," said he. The Philadelphia Ledger says the visitor's face took on a look of mild inspiration.

"Whom do you regard as your neighbors?" he asked.

"Why, those around me."

"Do you mean those whose land joins yours?"

"Well—yes."

"How much land do you hold?"

"About 500 acres."

"And how far through the earth do you think you own?"

"Why, I've never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half way down."

"Precisely," said the man who was soliciting aid, with an air of calm triumph. "I suppose you do, and I want this money for your neighbors at the other side of the world—the men whose land adjoins yours at the bottom."

"You're a ready reckoner," said the millionaire dryly, but he drew his check book toward him.

Disinherited.

They tell a story in Paris of Pierre Wolff, the dramatist nephew of Albert Wolff, the critic and sworn enemy of the manager Antoine. When Pierre took his first piece to Antoine it was accepted on condition that he should put into it "as much as possible of everything that is abominable to your uncle, the critic." He did this with such good will that he scandalized his uncle, the public, the stage firemen, the dressers, the prompter and M. Antoine himself, who went about at rehearsal rubbing his hands and saying, "One cannot go too far, and no one shall keep me from putting in the advertisements, 'Play by Pierre Wolff, nephew of Albert Wolff.'" When the dramatist called on his uncle, Albert shouted, "Miserable! If I had a fortune I'd disinherit you!" "Disinherit me all the same," suggested the nephew. "It will advertise me." "Very well, then. I have nothing to leave, so I won't leave it to you!"

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling, no baking; simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

...TERN FOOTBALL.

It C... From the Florentines, Who ... It From Greece.

Did Italian football, the Rugby game, travel to England from the Italy of the renaissance and does its history reach back to ancient Greece? A recent writer says: "Probably not more than a few votaries of Rugby football are aware that we have to thank Florentine athletes for the invention of the game and for its introduction into Great Britain. Rugby school was founded somewhere about 1567. It was one of the direct results of what has been called the Florentine or Tuscan fever in England, which set in late in the Italian renaissance. Not only did men of letters come over and settle in England's centers of learning and create others, but many Florentines versed in the theory and practice of polite culture came as well. The game of calcio came to Florence by way of Greece. Something of the sort had figured among the less important games at Olympia. The principal Florentine ground was the Piazza di Santa Croce, where upon the wall of the Palazzo Giulio Parrigi is still to be seen the disk from which the line dividing the ground was drawn across the open square. The ball was of leather, containing an inflated bladder, and apparently was the exact size, weight and shape of the Rugby ball of today.

"Il calcio consisted of a friendly contest between two equal sides of players called scholeri azzurri and scholeri rossi—blues and reds. The number of players varied according to the size of the ground or the importance of the encounter. In the Piazza di Santa Croce the sides were twenty to twenty-seven strong, while on the public open sports ground at Perefola they totaled as many as sixty each. Originally the players were required to be of noble or gentle blood or such as had gained distinction and rank in the profession of arms. Each man had to be of undimmed reputation and of graceful figure and possessed of accomplished manners.

"In addition to the actual players were presidents, standard-bearers, judges, an umpire, pages and other officials, all without reproach, worthy of the city and courteous in manner. The vestiments of the players were fine, fitting drawers and tunics of silk, with feathered caps, all richly embroidered in gold and silver. Leather shoes were worn. The teams were divided into four classes: Forwards, whose places were near the dividing line and whose work was to keep the ball in play; halfbacks, stationed behind the forwards, in order to return the ball to play; three-quarter backs, who were strong kickers and played straight on the ball, and goal keepers, placed at the flags, or boundary, to stop the ball passing."

Malagasy Etiquette.

A French conjurer many years ago during a performance at the court of Madagascar asked the queen through an interpreter if she would taste a glass of wine. On her refusal the conjurer, with simulated anger, emptied the glass over her, and the contents dropped in the shape of a rose into her majesty's lap. The court functionaries were so indignant at this proceeding that they jumped up from their seats, insisted upon the queen leaving the apartment and charged the performer with high treason. The unfortunate man had to be protected by the native troops from the fury of the populace and was compelled to leave the capital before daybreak.

Fooled.

A regiment of soldiers was drawn up for church parade in the barrack square, but the church was being repaired and could only hold half of them.

"Sergeant-major," shouted the colonel, "tell all the men who don't want to go to church to fall out on the reverse flank."

Of course a large number quickly and gladly availed themselves of the privilege.

"Now, sergeant-major," said the colonel, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others to church; they need it most."—London Standard.

Lucrezia Borgia.

Lucrezia Borgia was a singularly beautiful woman, with gray eyes and yellow hair. It was said of her that her upper eyelids drooped over more than half the iris, so as to give the eye a languid expression. She had a peculiar trick of looking steadily sideways at those with whom she conversed, and this peculiarity invariably excited distrust in those who observed it. She was singularly gifted in conversation and repartee and could hold her own in any company.

The Average Storm Wave.

The average storm wave is thirty feet in height. The highest storm waves ever measured were between forty-four and forty-eight feet high. The gigantic force of storm waves is shown by the fact that at Skerryvore lighthouse, off the west coast of Scotland, a mass of rock weighing five and a half tons was once hurled to a height of seventy-two feet above the sea level, while a mass weighing, thirteen and a half tons was torn from a cliff seventy-four feet high.

The Great Man.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise and closing it with an exception.—Steele.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

THE DIFFICULT TASK.

Combing the Particular Man's Hair Before a Barber.

"Do you know, one of the most difficult things in this business," said Caburn, as he ran the comb through the hair brush, "is in the matter of combing a customer's hair? It is a rather singular fact that you will find few barbers who have succeeded in solving the problem of combing a customer's hair just as he wants it, no matter how long the man may have been a patron of his chair. Of course there are a few exceptions to this rule. There are a few men in the world who do not care whether their hair is combed at all. With this class of men, of course, it does not make much difference how the barber combs the hair. But at least ninety out of every hundred men who patronize barber shops are very particular about the way you comb their hair unless you have inspired them with an extraordinary confidence. Unless, in fact, they have a better opinion of the barber's judgment than they have of their own the barber will miss the mark when he comes to put the finishing touches on the hair. The reason for this is not altogether a matter of vanity. There are a great many men whose looks are completely altered by a change in the way the hair is combed. Take the man, for instance, who parts the hair on the side, and part it in the middle, or the man who is in the habit of combing his hair down and parting it on one side; suppose you reverse or pomade the hair, can you not see what changes would follow in the general appearance of the man? This fact has much to do with making the combing of a man's hair a matter of much difficulty, and I do not exaggerate when I say it is one of the barber's hardest tasks."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ROME VERSUS PARIS.

When the Eternal City Was the Art Center of the World.

There was a time when Rome was the world's art center. No artist's education was considered complete unless he spent some time in that city. There was always to be found there a coterie of strong men, many of them famous, in whose society the tyro might mingle and grow much by the companionship. That day has gone by, however, and a change has taken place. Paris has usurped the prerogative of the old city, and it is to her that the world now turns for new ideas of art. The Italian galleries remain, the masterpieces hang in their accustomed places, the sky is as blue, the air as soft and the outlook as lovely, but the glory of Roman art life has departed. The inhabitants that gave the art impetus, the interest to the student, has betaken itself from the Seven Hills to the peaceful Seine, where it flourishes in the wilder, more luxuriant growth nurtured by the hothouse forcing of fin de siecle ideas, untrammeled by convention or tradition. For good or bad—and the judgment must be left to the reader—the fact remains that today Paris is the hub about which the wheel of art revolves.

Yet from Paris there go annually to the Italian capital a number of young men, winners of the annual competitions for the prize of Rome, to spend four years in the most idyllic manner as guests of the French republic at the Villa Medici, a beautiful palace owned by the government and specially arranged for their reception. These men have not won their spurs without hard work, without great preliminary training and many struggles.—Arthur Hoeber in Century.

Loyal to His Friends.

John A. Sutter, on whose land gold was first discovered in California in 1848, was always loyal to his friends. "During the winter of 1852 Sacramento was a marsh, and drainage ditches had just been dug," says Thomas E. Farish's "Gold Hunters of California." "One evening Sutter and a friend had been indulging a little too freely in the cup, and they were taking a stroll before retiring for the night, when the friend inadvertently fell into one of the newly-dug canals. 'I cannot pull you out,' said Sutter regretfully as he looked down at his less lucky friend, 'but I can come down and sit with you.' And he did."

Sympathetic Ointment.

An old time quack compounded his "sympathetic ointment" according to the following prescription: "Take moss of a ded man's hed, two one; man's greece, one one; mummia, man's blood, of each half an one; linseed oyle, twenty-two one; oyle of roses, boiled minick, of each an one. Bet them together in a mortar till it be fine leeke, an oyntment; keep it in a box." Then all the sick person needed was the weapon with which a man had been stricken. This he anointed with the ointment, pressed to the wound and was well again, or should have been.

Her Position Defined.

"Are you opposed to marriage?" he asked.

"No," replied the lady who had received degrees from three colleges, "I do not object to marriage per se. It is merely the fact that one cannot get married without having a husband that one dislikes!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Perfectly Obvious.

"Why do you permit the attentions of Cholly Sapbed while Jack is in Europe?"

"What a simple question!"

"Oh, is it?"

"Sure. I permit Cholly's attentions while Jack is in Europe because Jack is in Europe."—Houston Post.

As pride is sometimes hid under humility, idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry.—Johnson.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Thorndenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Members of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisdale.
Prothonotary—F. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; R. G. Battle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. I. Knapp, R. C. G Olson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. G. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. B. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—F. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

CHAS. BUSH, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. B. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets on Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 8 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE F. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY S. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets in every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HUGARTH, C. of R.

Church.

Methodist Episcopal—Clayton H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.—

For Fairmont, Ridgway, Dubois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days ..... 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days ..... 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:43 p. m., New York 9:50 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 3, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 9:55 p. m., New York 12:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

5:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:28 a. m., New York 7:18 a. m., Baltimore 5:20 a. m., Washington 6:00 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:55 a. m., week days (12:56 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 24, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:37 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. (week days, 10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:00 a. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays Dubois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for Dubois and intermediate stations.

4:20 p. m.—Train 35, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M.		P. M.
9:20	Ridgway	11:50
9:30	Johnsonburg	11:40
9:35	Glen Hazel	11:30
9:37	Straight	11:15
9:42	Instanter	11:04
9:50	Smith's Run	10:59
9:59	Woodvale	10:52
10:31	Clermont	10:45
P. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. Train 7, 1:55 p. m. for DuBois, Rest Bank, Falls Creek, Reynoldsville, Punxsutawney, Big Run, Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, arriving at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 7:15 p. m. for DuBois, Rest Bank, Falls Creek, Reynoldsville, Punxsutawney, Big Run, Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, arriving at Clermont 8:30 p. m.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Keystone Route daily except Sunday at 7:50 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive Bradford	9:20		0:45
Mt. Jewett	9:30		0:35
Kane	9:45	1:35	0:15
Leave	9:55	2:55	0:05
Bradford	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Kane	7:00		4:35
Mt. Jewett	7:00	10:15	4:30
	7:24	11:20	5:00

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m. 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l. Supt. B. S. BILLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Coudersport & Port Allegany R. R.

In effect June 15, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 8:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:05 a. m.); Falls Creek (arr. 10:45 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:05 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:46 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:35 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:25 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:37 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:32 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr 5:05 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 5:36 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M. A.M
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.37	2.32	9.10
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.06
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld June	7.37	2.42	9.32
7.00	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.-
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.-
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.0-
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudersport	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp	Ar	3.25	3.30 10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport,			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar	Dp	8.28	6.50 1.25
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0 0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M. P.M.

—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa

The God In the Hurdy Gurdy

By CASPAR JOHNSON

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It was a narrow alley, running between the back yards. It was intended for the convenience of the butcher's boy and the ash man. Distinctively it was not intended for men of Pasquale Venetti's stamp. Indeed, a sign at either end announced this in no uncertain terms:

"Beggars, Peddlers and Street Musicians Keep Out," it read.

But to Pasquale Venetti warning signs in English had no terrors from the simple fact that written English was beyond his ken. Therefore as he came trundling the ancient hurdy gurdy up the street he looked into the alley, saw its possibilities—the ease with which coins could be tossed from the back windows—and, forsaking the asphalt pavements, where, to use his own expression, he could "no getta de biz," he turned into the alley and, unlimbering his musical battery, sent up the quavering strains of "Lindy, Lindy, Yo' Is Ma Ladylove."

It is a hard, cold world. Pasquale ground away patiently, and whenever a face appeared at any of the windows he smiled expansively, removed his battered hat and bowed profoundly and even essayed a joyful shuffling of his feet while he turned the crank. But, despite all these blandishments, to say nothing of the appendage by a choice assortment of selections, ranging from the classic to ragtime, no coins wrapped in white paper came jingling to his feet. To be sure, one fat cook came out to the back gate and after he had played half through the hurdy gurdy's assortment gave him a penny, and an old gentleman had raised an upper window and, with a thundered "Get out of this," had flung him a dime. But 11 cents from such a promising alley! Pasquale resented his ill treatment and moved farther up the alley.

No better success attended him here. He whistled, he danced, he sang. He smiled his best and bowed his lowest. He tried the Hibernicus and "Ah, Flipino Man" with all the pathos he could express. He held his hat to the open air of the alley with a view to catching the

SUDDENLY AT HIS FEET WAS A YELLOW COIN.

one final stand, however, before the back of an imposing house. With a sinking heart he sent up the jerky bars of a march from a popular light opera. The house, like all the others, was unresponsive. Then he shifted to ragtime. He decided to play through his repertory anyway. If it failed, he would go back to the asphalt pavements and try his luck somewhere downtown before a restaurant or a promising saloon.

Now, it happened that in the big, dim back parlor of the imposing house sat two young people, and a single glance showed that they were not happy.

The man sat very stiff and straight in his chair and bit his lips. The girl was seated on a low divan. Her face was flushed and her eyes glowed angrily.

"It is far too much to forgive this time," she was saying. "I have forgiven and forgiven—eternally forgiven—and now I am tired."

The man replied coldly.

"Perhaps you are right," he said in a strained voice.

"And the sooner it's over the better, now," said the girl, choking.

The man started up. Whatever remonstrance he was about to make he stifled.

"Very well," he said curtly.

The girl pulled a ring from her finger and laid it on the table beside the man. He took it without a word and put it in his pocket.

"I might say"— he began slowly.

"All you could say would make no difference," she said wearily.

The man rose and strode to the window. Pasquale was grinding away assiduously. At the sight of the man in the window he smirked and bowed and shuffled his feet. The man smiled bitterly.

"Lucky, happy devil!" he muttered.

Then he turned to the girl and drew himself up stiffly.

"I may as well say goodby," said he.

She made no reply.

"Goodby," he said again.

"Goodby," she returned evenly.

The man hesitated a moment; then he strode to the door. In the alley Pasquale had come to the last piece in his repertory. It was a poor imitation of portions of Schubert's "Serenade." Just as the man reached the door the jingling notes floated in from the alley. The man paused. A look of pain came into his face.

Those jerky notes brought memories with them—memories of a big, dark music room with two little spots of red in the gloom where the candles burned on the piano; of a girl beneath the candles—a girl with white neck and gleaming shoulders, playing the serenade very softly; of a few breathless words whispered over her shoulder; of a pair of luminous eyes which flashed an answer that set his heart pounding madly. * * * And now a hurdy gurdy playing that sacred serenade in the alley—and this. It was heinous sacrilege.

"Lord, I can't stand that," he muttered, and turned to the girl a face drawn and white.

"Goodby," he said as if the words choked him.

But the girl's face had whitened also. She took a step forward.

"Robert," she said with wide, frightened eyes.

* * * * * * *

In the alley Pasquale ground away hopelessly. Suddenly a window was raised and a coin dropped at his feet. It was a shining, yellow coin. Pasquale Venetti gasped, turned it over in his palm, and then whooped. In a burst of gratitude he began the repertory all over again, and such was his elation that he essayed to heighten the effect by singing in a high, squeaky voice.

The orgy was soon over, however, for a patrolman came down the alley and seized the exuberant musician. The thought of the yellow coin in his pocket enabled Pasquale to bear this ordeal with equanimity.

"Alla right, alla right," he protested mildly, as he was hustled past the warning signs and dumped unceremoniously on the asphalt pavement.

The Ruling Passion.

The ruling passion is often very strong in death. A senator from Tennessee discovered this some years ago. Among his constituents was a certain man who came to him regularly twice a year, for the purpose of obtaining a pass to Baltimore. The man and his family had served the senator when he was first making his way in the ladder of politics, and as a result of this he always obliged him, and had, moreover, a soft place in his heart for the man. He obtained for him a position in one of the departments at Washington, but this did not seem to be enough, for regularly at the end of each six months he applied for his ticket to Baltimore. One day he sickened, and was reported to be dying. The senator, very much grieved, immediately called upon him.

"Joe," he said, leaning over and speaking very softly, "is there anything I can do for you?"

The sick man looked up with a flash of recognition and instantly replied in a whisper:

"Yes, senator, please get me a pass to Baltimore."—Harper's Weekly.

Shipshape on Land.

One of the quaintest charitable institutions in the world is the Royal Alfred Home For Aged Seamen, which houses 500 English mariners in the outskirts of London. It is supported entirely by voluntary contribution. The main idea has been to make the place as homelike as possible, and to this end an effort has been made to preserve in large measure the environment to which the inmates are accustomed.

The dormitories are cut up into tiny cabins, as on shipboard, and in place of the familiar hammocks these veterans of the sea turn in at night in bunks and stow their clothes and other belongings precisely as they would on board ship. Day and night the hours and half hours are struck on a ship's bell in the main hall, and even in the mess room the atmosphere of the sea is retained as an aid to appetite. The house governor is himself an old sea captain of forty years' experience in commanding men, and his rule is entirely along nautical lines.

The Land of Horseradish.

It almost makes the eyes water to read of the village of Baiersdorf, in Bavaria, which is celebrated for producing the finest horseradish in Europe. On an area of moist ground, in the valley of the river Regnitz, covering 1,235 acres, that titillating plant is practically the only thing raised, and the annual yield amounts to about 6,000,000 pounds. Horseradish requires a great deal of attention from the cultivator, for in midsummer the soil must be removed from the stems and the side roots rubbed off with a soft cloth, after which the stems are buried again. The plants spring up in March from the end roots, left in the soil the previous autumn, when the upper stems are cut off and packed in barrels for shipment.

Freaks of Lightning.

A noted astronomer and scientist in a recent lecture in Paris gave an account of some of the freaks of lightning. These freaks, however, he affirmed, were determined by causes which we have yet to learn. Sometimes it kills, sometimes it merely injures and sometimes it seems to be frolicking in a way which gives rise to the hypothesis that "it is a thought which, instead of being attached to a brain, is attached to an electric current." Sometimes it plays the physician, as in the instance at Romaines, France, when it struck a man who had not been able to walk without a crutch on account of rheumatism. After the shock the rheumatism disappeared.

TREACHERY BAY.

The Incident From Which It Got Its Unsavory Title.

Treachery bay, on the coast of Australia, received its name from the following incident related by Captain Stokes in his "The Voyage of the Beagle": "I had just turned my head around to look after my followers when I was suddenly staggered by a violent and piercing blow about the left shoulder, and ere the dart had ceased to quiver in its destined mark a long, loud yell, such as only the savage can produce, told me by whom I had been speared. One glance sufficed to show me the cliffs, so lately the abode of silence and solitude, swarming with the dusky forms of the natives, now indulging in all the exuberant action with which the Australian testifies his delight. One tall, bushy headed fellow led the group and was evidently my successful assailant. I drew out the spear, which had entered the cavity of the chest, and retreated with all the swiftness I could command, in the hope of reaching those who were coming up from the boat and were then about halfway.

"Onward I hurried, carrying the spear which I had drawn from the wound, and determined if overtaken, as I expected, to sell my life dearly. Each step, less steady than the former one, reminded me that I was fast losing blood, but I hurried on, still retaining the chronometer and grasping my only weapon of defense. The savage cry soon told me that my pursuers had found their way to the beach, while at every respiration the air escaping through the orifice of the wound warned me that the strength by which I was still enabled to struggle through the deep pools in my path must fail me soon. I had fallen twice, each disaster being announced by a shout of vindictive triumph from the bloodhounds behind. To add to my distress, I now saw with utter dismay that Mr. Tarrant and the man with the instruments, unconscious of the fact that I had been speared and therefore believing that I could make good my escape, were moving off toward the boat.

"At that moment the attention of the retreating group was caught by a boat [illegible] the ship, the first [illegible] generally appointed [illegible] manager. They turned and I [illegible] just [illegible] ward, [illegible] hurrying in a large [illegible] waving the clubs and were now only about thirty yards off. Our turning momentarily checked their advance, while their force increased. Then a party, headed by Lieutenant Emery, hastened over the reef to our support. At the sight of Lieutenant Emery's party the natives fled with the utmost rapidity."

Thoreau, the Prophet of Nature.

Thoreau was not the first American to live out of doors, but he was the first to make out of doors living a profession and to open the way to a new kind of writing. His egotism, his assumption of individual ownership in nature, have helped to found a school and to create a cult, but his spirit has diffused itself through American life, and he must be counted among the permanent influences in that life. He opened a world of experience which is one of the great refuges from the tyranny of work and wealth, from which flow restoring streams of health, vitality and joy. His defects of temperament are lost in his agile and virile idealism, and the best report of his life is to be found in his parable: "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound and the tramp of the horse and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."—Hamilton W. Mable in Outlook.

St. Elmo's Fire.

The electric lights occasionally seen playing round the masts of ships at sea and known variously as the fires of St. Helen, St. Elmo, St. Peter and St. Nicholas were familiar to sailors long before the Christian era. If single the flame was named after Helen of Troy, and its appearance was regarded as a bad omen. Two lights were known to the ancient Romans as "Castor and Pollux," and sailors welcomed them as boding good luck. In 1690 M. de Forbes records counting more than thirty lights dancing round the masts and rigging of his ship. If the lights first appeared low and disappeared by ascending the masts a prosperous voyage was believed to be assured, but lights that began at the topmast and descended toward the sea presaged tempest and danger of wreck.

The Vanity of a Bishop.

"The bishop of Arichat," said his niece, Miss Sarah Macleod, "has a lofty contempt for pomp. He shows his distaste for it in a manner which conflicts with the dignity of his office sometimes. On his elevation to the episcopate my father gave him a costly pectoral cross and ring. Presently we discovered that the bishop was wearing neither the cross nor the ring; instead of them a cross of lead suspended by a tape and a ring of no value. My father was indignant. 'My lord,' he began impatiently, 'where are the jewels I gave you?' My uncle laughed and got red in the face. 'Donald,' he confessed, 'I can't add to my many temptations. I'm so vain that I am continually wanting to thank heaven that I am a Macleod.'"—From "The Bishop's Niece," by George H. Picard.

QUEEN OF DIAMONDS

By MARGARET RICHARDS

Copyright, 1905, by E. M. Doane

The usually cheery face of Mme. Fontaine, "palmist and card reader," was overcast. Even the invitingly clean little room where madame received the anxious seekers after wisdom shared in the pervading gloom. A crudely drawn hand covered with cabalistic signs had become detached from the wall and lay unheeded in one corner; the cards by whose aid coming events were evoked were pushed carelessly aside. It was evident that misfortune had fallen upon this faithful priestess of the future.

Nora McCabe had always been a wonder at "puttin' the cards," and it was when Pat McCabe died (an event which the cards neglected to mention), leaving her with five little children, that Mme. Fontaine had sprung into existence. Having an average amount of quick Irish wit and more than an average understanding of human nature, Nora had prospered and as Mme. Fontaine she avoided tragedy and dealt mostly in romantic and glowing generalities.

But of late the fates had not shown madame the consideration due so faithful a follower. There had been a falling off in the number of people who came to explore the misty paths of the future under her expert guidance. Four of the children were too young to do much besides consume unlimited supplies of bread and butter, and the lay before Jimmy, the eldest, had been brought home with a broken leg. In short, the outlook was serious.

"Though it isn't always ye can expect to be havin' the luck," sighed Nora, stooping to pick up the hand that sounded a mutely protesting finger at her from the corner.

Quite unconscious of the radiant picture she made against her dull surrounding, a girl, tall, graceful, tailor made, came swiftly along the shabby street. If her courage almost failed her, she made no sign as she walked rapidly on. All the girls had been to Mme. Fontaine. Had she not told Margaret Dunne that she would be married within a year, and was not Margaret even now on her wedding journey? To be sure she had told Louise Henderson to say nothing, and there was not even an admirer in Lou's horizon but, then, every one makes mistakes sometimes, and Louise always was hopeless. She did not really believe in it. Oh, dear, no! But she did so want to know if John really were very angry. He might have known she did not care for that stupid Captain Carstairs.

With flushed face and trembling but determined fingers she pressed the button under the card bearing the legend "Mme. Fontaine" and soon stood quaking inwardly, but outwardly serene, before the door of the modest little flat. Eleanor Robinson was called the prettiest girl in the Westchester set, and more critical eyes than madame's would have brightened at the radiant vision she made as she entered the little room and with shining eyes, bent eagerly forward over the well known table upon which madame's experienced fingers had already placed the queen of diamonds.

"That's yerself," explained the woman as she deftly shuffled the cards, "and this," laying a heart above it, "is me and this is yerself an' yer wishes an' here's an' of' an' a fame offer it is, with money too. It looks like a marriage offer, an' 'tis that"— But whom it was from must forever remain a mystery, for a shrill voice from the next room called madame, and in her anxious haste Nora overturned the little table, and the fortunes of the queen of diamonds came to an ignominious ending on the floor.

"I'm that worried I don't know what I'm doin'," said madame as she came back, and, half crying, stooped to pick up the cards. "My Jimmy has his leg broke, an' him gettin' along so nice an' Mr. Chetwood sayin' his wages should be raised this Saturday comin'."

"Mr. Chetwood!" interrupted the girl in a strained voice. And madame's keen eyes noted the warm wave of color that flooded her face.

"Yes, miss," she returned, "Mr. Chetwood, the lawyer. It was a foine place for Jimmy, an' him likin' it an' gettin' into Mr. Chetwood's ways. An' now his leg's broke, an' no knowin' when he'll git another place," she added dejectedly, and in spite of herself a tear splashed on the recovered queen.

The girl rose. "I don't believe I care to have my fortune told today," she said nervously. "I—I've changed my mind, but I shall come to see you again," she said, her blue eyes sweet with sympathy. She took a bill from her purse and laid it on the table.

"Take these, too, for Jimmy," she said, loosening the violets from her furs. And with a smile and a quick little nod she was gone.

It was hours later that a tall, broad shouldered man knocked at madame's door and inquired for Jimmy McCabe. A few minutes later John Chetwood was holding Jimmy's grimy little hand and smiling down on the little freckled face that grinned back at him sheepishly.

"We cannot do without Jimmy, Mrs. McCabe," he said pleasantly, "so I shall depend on you to send him back as soon as possible." He took some bills from his pocket and continued: "I want you to take good care of him. No! No! That's all right!" as she tried to thank him. "You may pay it back when Jimmy wins his first case, or you might tell my fortune." He laughed good humoredly, looking quizzically at the weird hands decorating the little room beyond.

Madame gasped. Her warm Irish heart was full of gratitude to the two who had been so good to her. If only she could do something for them!

He watched her with amused interest as she slowly spread out the cards on the little table.

"Ye have success to yerself an' yer wish," she began in the time worn formula, "an' there's a light woman, the queen of diamonds," she added, her eyes fastened on the cards.

John Chetwood threw back his head and laughed delightedly. "I thought it was always a dark woman," he said.

"She's tall almost as yerself," Nora went on, "an' it's like one of the saints she is, with her sweet face an' eyes as blue as—as the violets," she continued.

The quick start of surprise John Chetwood gave did not escape madame's shrewd eyes, and she went on rapidly:

"She loves ye—there's somethin' come between ye—but she loves ye. Never mind what's been, say I—go to her; she's waitin' for ye. I see the weddin' card."

John Chetwood rose abruptly. "That's a great fortune. We'll have to look into that, Mr. Jimmy," he said, but his laughter was forced, and the lines on his face deepened as he ran lightly down the stairs.

He hesitated outside the shabby little flat. She lived to the north. A few blocks to the west his friends were waiting for him. He had tried to keep away from her. It was evident she cared for Carstairs, and he would keep his disappointment to himself and let no knowledge of it shadow her. What could that woman know about it? Nothing! Queer, though, about the violets. No; of course he didn't believe it, but he squared his shoulders and turned to the north.

The Human Nature Picture.

"You can talk all you want about the beauties of landscape pictures, etc.," said a well known Kansas City art dealer, "but it is the picture with the human nature in it that attracts the crowd. Put a human nature picture in a window with landscapes and it will be the only one noticed. Not long ago I noticed a number of small boys standing in front of my window. They stayed so long I went out to see what was attracting them. It was a picture of two cowboys leaving a newly made grave on the prairie, one of them leading a horse with an empty saddle. Over the grave stood a dog. Finally one of the boys said, 'come on, fellers, we gotta go home.' 'I didn't come lookin' yer,' replied another evidently his small brother. 'Well, come on; we've gotta go. You can come back tomorrow an' see it some more,' came from the first. 'Tomorrow mornin'?' asked the smaller boy. 'Yes.' 'All right,' he said, and off they went. During the day I noticed perhaps a dozen people bringing their friends up to see that painting. The picture that gets next to a person is the one the big majority of people love."—Kansas City Times.

The Critic and the Lady.

Talleyrand, the noted Frenchman, possessed wit of so high an order that it has stood well the test of time, and his jokes are still good. The author of "Juniper Hall" gives two of his sayings to Mme. de Stael.

He was a great admirer of Mme. Recamier and Mme. de Stael, the one for her beauty, the other for her wit. Mme. de Stael asked him one day if he would himself with both of them in the sea on a plank, and could only save one, which it would be, to which he replied:

"Ah, Mme. de Stael knows so many things; doubtless she knows how to swim."

When "Delphine" appeared, it was said that Mme. de Stael had described herself as Delphine and that Talleyrand was the original of Mme. de Vernon.

Meeting the authoress soon afterward, Talleyrand remarked in his most gentle tone of voice:

"I hear that both you and I appear in your new book, but disguised as women."

A Czar and a Wheelbarrow.

When Czar Peter the Great visited England in 1698 William III. hired Sayes Court, the manor house of Deptford, for use as his court and palace, near the King's dockyard, where he proposed to instruct himself in shipbuilding and to work as a shipwright. During his tenancy the czar every morning, either wheeled his favorite Menzikoff or was himself wheeled in a barrow in every direction over the cherished beds, walks and borders, trampling all into one general wreck. A path was broken through Mr. Evelyn's famous and almost impregnable holly hedge, which was 400 feet long, 9 feet high and 5 feet thick. In short, he did so much damage during his three months' residence from January to April 21 that Mr. Evelyn had as compensation £150 from the government.

Insects That Love Heights.

"On peaks where even bird life ceases," said an Alpine traveler, "and the eternal snow seems to have frightened all life away, I have always found insects. No matter how high I might climb in those awful solitudes, beetles and other bugs could be seen. The beetles dwell under the rocks and in holes in the earth. Their wings are small or missing entirely, for the snow circumscribes their wanderings, and they generally stay in one place all their lives. Even on the ice fields, where there is not a single outcropping of rock, but everything is white and frozen, there is a great six legged insect of cylindrical shape and coal black in color. It seems to be as comfortable in the snow as other insects are in a flower garden."

THE ROLE OF HAMLET

MANY FAMOUS ACTRESSES ESSAYED IT AND FAILED

Even the Gifted Sarah Siddons and the Brilliant Charlotte Cushman Were Not Equal to the Task—Anna Dickinson In the Part.

Although many of the cleverest actresses the world has known have essayed the part, they have, with few exceptions, failed in it.

Even Sarah Siddons, probably the greatest tragic actress of all time, was a failure as Hamlet, largely owing to the genderskirt nature of her garments, which were neither masculine nor feminine and which made it almost impossible to forget that her Hamlet was a woman and not a man, says London Tit-Bits.

Charlotte Cushman was perhaps the most brilliant player of male parts of her or, indeed, of any other generation. She was equally brilliant and convincing as Romeo, Cardinal Wolsey or Claude Melnotte, but when she made the cruelest experiment, of playing the melancholy Dane even she proved unequal to the task. In fact, her Hamlet was so badly received in Dublin that she there and then made up her mind never to play it again.

And yet her Romeo was such a triumph of acting that James Sheridan Knowles, the great dramatist and critic, was completely carried away by it. Of her acting of the passage where Romeo flings himself upon the ground, "taking the measure of an unmade grave," he says: "It was a scene of topmost passion; but simulated passion—no such thing—real, palpably real. The genuine heart storm was on in its wildest fullness of fury, and I listened and gazed and held my breath, while my blood ran hot and cold. I am sure it must have been the case with every one in the house, but I was all absorbed in Romeo till a thunder of applause recalled me to myself."

And of her assumption of the difficult part of Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons" Justin McCarthy says: "I have seen Claude Melnotte played by many great actors, from Macready to Irving, but Miss Cushman eclipsed them all. She created for me the only human, the only possible, and the only enchanted Claude Melnotte I have ever seen."

Miss Julia Seaman, a once popular actress, was so severely criticised when she played Hamlet some years ago that she turned round on her critics and assailed them in a very vigorous manner. The late Miss Marriott, who had one of the most beautiful voices ever heard on any stage, was more fortunate, although it was one of her least successful assumptions, and in the '60s an American actress, Miss Perry Knowles, made such an unfortunate exhibition of herself as the melancholy one that a country manager actually issued a notice warning his patrons against going to see her.

Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean) was the first to put on Hamlet's doublet and hose; Mrs. Glover won Edmund Kean's approval by her playing of the part, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt gave a picturesque and clever rendering of Hamlet, although it was not to be compared with many of her brilliant assumptions.

Charlotte Crampton was noted for her clever acting of masculine parts, which would have been even more convincing if she had not been such a tiny woman. "There is a woman," Macready once said, referring to her, "who would startle the world if she were but two inches taller." She was such a magnificent swordswoman that few ventured to try their skill against her on the stage, and she was undoubtedly a genius in her way, with a courage commensurate with her skill.

She was one of the finest personators of Richard III. ever seen on the stage, her Shylock was among the most brilliant pieces of acting in her day, and she was almost equally clever as Iago, Romeo and Don Caesar de Bagan, and yet when Charlotte Crampton challenged criticism with Hamlet she failed as signally as her rival, Charlotte Cushman, had done.

Probably the most successful of all lady Hamlets was Anna Dickinson, who made considerable reputation as Macbeth and Claude Melnotte. "A number of women have tried Hamlet," she said. "None, I believe, with any success. Yet, in my opinion, the character of Hamlet is eminently suited for a woman's capabilities. Hamlet was very young—a mere college boy, in fact. Besides, a fine actress is more likely to bring out the wonderful womanlike delicacy of Hamlet's character than a very young actor." And she supported her views by giving an attractive and clever rendering of the part.

Crinoline.

In the World of Fashion of 1830 is a reference to "the new stuff called crinoline." Crinoline was partly thread, partly horsehair, its name being compounded of the French "crin," horsehair, and "lin," flax. Hats, skirts and all sorts of things that were wanted to possess a certain stiffness were made of this material.

Preferred Tenants.

Servant—These rooms will be rented to artists only. Applicant—And why not to others? Servant—Because artists are less troublesome. They never want their rooms put in order.—Chicago Journal.

The Awful Loneliness.

The Friend—What made you close your season so early? The Actor—The solitude, my boy; night after night, the appalling solitude.—Brooklyn Life.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.—Pope.

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A THEATRICAL TRICK

IT FOOLED JOE JEFFERSON, AND IT FOOLED THE PUSLIC TOO.

The Story of an Ovation That Was Given to the Great Actor on One Occasion When He Was Playing Rip Van Winkle in Baltimore.

"The best story on Joe Jefferson was never printed during his lifetime, and the kindly old gentleman himself went to his reward without ever having heard it," said the advance agent, "for none of the people around him ever got up nerve enough to tell him that he had been taken in along with that dear public whose attention we heralds of art were endeavoring to catch.

"It was years ago in Baltimore. Jefferson opened on a Monday night in Rip Van Winkle, and, although he was always a prime favorite with the theater goers there, neither the attendance that evening nor the advance sale of seats for the week had been over good. The folks in front of the house cast their eyes over the ticket stock and came to the conclusion that unless something unusual was done the receipts would not be as large as they should be. Well, you're the business end of a show and you know that point things are liable to be doing in the good old town within a very limited space of time, and the boys on Jefferson's payroll, if they were not the swiftest at that sort of thing, were certainly not the slowest in the profession. We put our heads together and arrived at the conclusion that what was needed for good, big press notices was some remarkable form or other manifestation of appreciation of genius. I don't mean the clinking from the orchestra nor the curtain calls from the gallery, but something that would set the town to talking. We thought long over the various schemes suggested, but none of them appeared to be just the proper one for the purpose. Suddenly the office boy, who was just retiring as the usual run of office boys around a theater, butted in with, 'Say, why don't you have him dragged?'

"'Dragged—what's that?' I asked.

"'Why, have him pulled after the matinee this afternoon by a howling mob of admirers. Have them unhitch his horses and drag him off to his hotel with their own hands. And say, gee whiz, I've got it! Get the bunch that does it be Johns Hopkins boys.'

"That didn't go for the kid, remarked the assistant treasurer patronizingly, 'but we'll see you again to get your Johns Hopkins boys.' You don't think they're lying around, waiting to form themselves into a bevy of Roman chariot racers, do you?'

"'Oh, say, you're dead slow,' replied the office boy, with every indication of disgust. 'Come with me down on Marsh Market space, and in ten minutes I'll have you the greatest bunch of students you ever saw.'

"Not knowing the town very well then, I was puzzled at how Hopkins students were to be found on Marsh Market space and said so.

"'Why, they ain't students at all,' explained the all knowing office boy. 'They're bums, the worst lot of can chasers in the town, and there are hundreds of them. For 50 cents a head for the day you can get all of them you want. Get thirty or forty, dress them up in store clothes that you can get at any old costumer's—baggy trousers all turned up at the bottom, short coats with a southwestern exposure, dinky hats with colored bands, jaunty little fried egg caps and sassy, slap-on-the-wrist sort of canes—and the rest'll be easy money.'

"We began to appreciate the feasibility of the scheme and soon were converted to it. I must admit, however, that it was not with an altogether easy feeling that I started on our work of *metamorphosing a lot of tramps into* blithesome college lads, but our task turned out to be not so difficult after all.

"The 50 cents was an alluring proposition to most of the gentlemen of leisure whom we found congregated around the bungholes of the beer barrels most recently ejected from the dirty barrooms with which the neighborhood was infested. We got together thirty or forty and marched them all to an institution called the Workingmen's Residential club and had them washed and shaved and put in apple pie order, so that some of them looked almost respectable by the time we got through. One great hulking fellow, whom we wanted as the leader of this gay and care free aggregation, refused absolutely for a time to part with his whiskers and only consented to the sacrifice when we told him we were going to pay him $5 to captain the bunch.

"Meanwhile our agents had been busy getting together a suitable wardrobe for our little company. There was a fitting on process for the next hour, at the conclusion of which it was voted that we had a crowd of seniors and freshmen that would have faded the flower of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Hopkins all rolled into one. It required no little skill to make some of them look youthful enough for their part, but we managed fairly well, for all that. When we lined the gang up we noticed that the trousers of a few hardly reached to the ankles and caused one involuntarily to think that the tailor had done better to have turned them down instead of up, and here and there a student's toes would seek to prove at first hand that his shoes really contained feet. But we consoled ourselves by reflecting that no one would be so heartless as to be moved to audible reflection by this indication of poverty on the part of a brave young man drinking deep at the fountain of knowledge. We further congratulated ourselves, as we ran our eyes up and down the line, that the ensemble was not so bad.

"'Now, gentlemen,' said one of our party, 'remember you are college boys, careless and light hearted, with just a touch of devilry in you. You are carried away with the performance of Joseph Jefferson—Mr. Jefferson is the greatest actor on the American stage, you know—and you are enthusiastic to do something that will show your appreciation of his genius. That is enough for the present, except that whatever you are called upon to do it with youthful vim. Throw your hat in the air, cheer like the devil, and make a noise. Mr. [illegible] your boys are [illegible] instructions [illegible] you don't [illegible] wishes. Well, I [illegible] all right, boys. [illegible] fine dinner waiting for you at the show, in addition to the $5 each.'

"The instructions [illegible] was taken fully into our confidence and who, at first, was quite an intelligent fellow, were more explicit. He was given the Hopkins yell and told to have his men proficient in this and some other details when the time for action arrived.

"As the spectators were filing out from the matinee at 4:30 o'clock among them were our garnished friends of the 'Spare,' who had been let in through the stage entrance and then passed out into the auditorium from behind the private boxes. Out on the street and before the crowd had dispersed they were ready for business, beginning with what I suppose was intended for the university yell and which sounded something like this:

> Rah, rah, rah!
> Who are we?
> We're the Hopkins boys, you see!
> Rip, too, rip!
> Clear the way
> For the bunch from J. H. U.

"Of course, public attention was at once centered on this howling mob of ardent collegians, and our fellows kept things going hot until Mr. Jefferson emerged from the alley at the side of the theater. He was immediately surrounded by the Hopkins coterie, who cried with one accord:

> Joe Jefferson, Jefferson,
> Grand old man.
> Let 'em rip, boys,
> All you can!
> He's the stuff.
> Fire in and you—
> Here's luck, Joe.
> From J. H. U.

"Well, sir, before Jefferson had time to recover from his surprise they seized and carried him to the carriage, cut the traces and turned the horses loose, and, shouting and howling, started up the street madly, with the driver on the box and the actor inside, followed by a mob of hundreds. They pulled him to his hotel and then as he alighted gave him cheer after cheer.

"Mr. Jefferson, of course, absolutely ignorant of the true character of his strenuous admirers, made them a little speech from the steps of the hotel, in which he spoke of the drama and art and three or four other things which his hearers did not know the meaning of, but which were cheered to the echo.

"Naturally we saw to it that the omniscient eye of the press did not overlook this interesting piece of news of the Johns Hopkins university boys honoring the veteran actor, and if you will take the trouble to look up the newspapers of that day you will see that they gave ample space to the performance.

"Our college boys of the hour, with one or two dishonorable exceptions, who sacrificed their dinners and lucre for the fashionable toggery we had loaned them, received their due reward and then went back to their accustomed haunts, ready to give their whiskers free play until another advance man should seduce them with a tempting offer of gold and food."—Washington Star.

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RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 38292 40
Checks and other cash items		80 03
Due from Banks and Bankers		109718 16
Commercial and other paper purchased		230806 15
Time Loans upon Collateral		358485 42
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		181418 81
Investment securities owned, viz:		
Stock, Bonds, etc	66250 39	
Mortgages	7488 17	73731 56
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		17442 86
Overdrafts		1143 65
		$937183 04

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$200000 00
Surplus Fund		50000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid		20509 37
Deposits, subject to check	$515776 53	
Deposits, special	352786 91	868563 67
		$937183 04

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of McKean }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

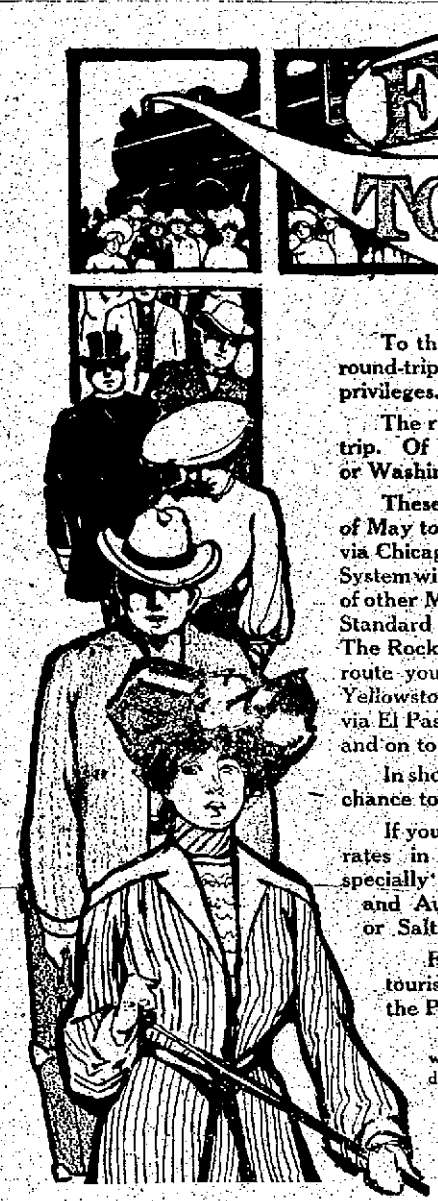
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of June, 1905.

(Signed) HALLIE A. WALKER, Notary Public.

[Notarial Seal]

My commission expires January 10, 1907.

CORRECT—ATTEST:
(Signed) HENRY HAMLIN
ORLO J. HAMLIN
JOHN FORREST } Directors.



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A. T. PALMER.

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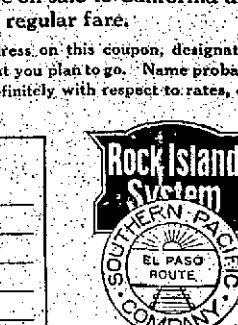

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